HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.—NO. 45.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THACKERAY AND READE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for DECEMBER, will contain the commencement of two brilliant Stories, viz.:

I. THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY, with numerous humorous Illustrations by the Author.

II. JACK OF ALL TRADES. A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE. Written exclusively for *Harper's Magazine*, by CHARLES READE, Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Never too late to Mend," etc.

These Stories, by two of the foremost writers of the age, will be continued, from month to month, in the Magazine, until completed.

The December Number commences a New Volume, and is a favorable time for new Subscribers to begin.

PEACE AND WAR.

THERE is consolation, amidst the commercial distress which surrounds us and envelops the whole country, in reflecting that in one respect we are far more fortunate than our neighbors over the water. They, while their commercial embarrassments are scarcely less afflicting than our own, suffer under the additional calamity of a terrible war—a war, not against foreigners, but against a people who, till lately, were counted among the most submissive and reliable of the Queen s subjects; a war which has already aroused more of the fiendish passions of human nature than any event that has occurred within the memory of living men.

Our artist has faithfully described the occupation of the army of Great Britain and that of the United States at the present moment of time. The one toiling painfully over rugged roads, under a scorching sun; carrying, on what conveyances chance throws in their way, their sick, their wounded, and their dying; watching, by day and night, for an attack from the ruthless savages who swarm around them, and between whom and themselves all know that it is a fight to the death, with no hope or thought of quarter on either side; and, in many lamentable instances, dying wretchedly, far from any friends, and with the certainty that, after death, their corpses will be insulted by their brutal butchers. Such it is to be a soldier in the English army at the present time!

To belong to the United States army is, we are inclined to think, a very different affair. The leading occupation of our soldiers appears to be to play the bugle and angle for little fish. No doubt this applies best to that portion of the army which lies under our immediate noses; namely, the garrison of the redoubtable forts on Governor's Island; but, with some few variations, it may be held to cover the ground in almost every instance. At Fort This, as well as at Fort That, the soldiers kill time in much the same way. They sleep a good deal, and, where they can, they eat a good deal likewise. They sing and they play cards. They play draughts also. Some of them are fond of riding on rails and smoking. But the most popular and hence most steadily prosecuted occupation of the United States soldiers is lying on their stomachs on the ground. This severe and martial exercise is scrupulously performed, during a great part of the day, by a very large portion of the soldiery which is the bulwark and the tower of defense of our beloved country; and from the experience they have had of it, it may be safely assumed that, were their country's freedom menaced, and were it necessary to lie on the earth, with the nose in the dirt, to save her, no troops in the world could be more implicitly relied on for the perilous duty than our own.

Seriously, we do not doubt the valor or the efficiency of the United States army; both have been tried and proved so often, that no soldier need put himself to any inconvenience to vindicate either. But, in all sober truth, what a dull, wretched life it must be! And how happy the country whose soldiers are such ornamental ware as ours!

When Paddy M'Flynn had been four times before the magistrates for fighting and getting drunk, and neither his denial of his guilt, nor his asseverations of his intention to reform, nor his whine for pity for the "pure wife an' childer"—the rascal was, of course, a bachelor—availed to screen him from the just vengeance of the law—when Paddy had reached this stage in his career, queer memories of the 'listing sergeant's shillin' stealing over him, he went to a recruiting dépôt of the United States army, and was duly, at his request, enrolled in the —th regiment of infantry. The company to which he belonged was stationed at a fort within full view of the finest city on this continent. Paddy no sooner took up his quarters there, and received the usual warning against leaving the fort contrary to orders, than he repented, and bitterly cursed his folly.

"Av it had been a brave ould counthry rigiment," said Pat, "I'd have made up me mind to it; but a rigiment of dirty Yankees—"

For all this they had Pat fast, and the sergeant, who read his sentiments in his face, watched him very narrowly indeed.

One night Pat watched a ship anchor near the fort. He resolved to swim to her, and fly the country. But just as he was stepping gingerly into the water over the rough stones in his bare feet, a rough voice shouted,

"Holloa, there! come back or I'll shoot you!"

And poor Pat ran back as though he felt the ball already, fell on his knees, besought forgiveness, was duly punished, and more dissatisfied than ever.

"Av there was any worruk to be done at all at all!" growled Pat, in the agony of his idleness. "It's meself would like a few stones to break one of these fine mornings."

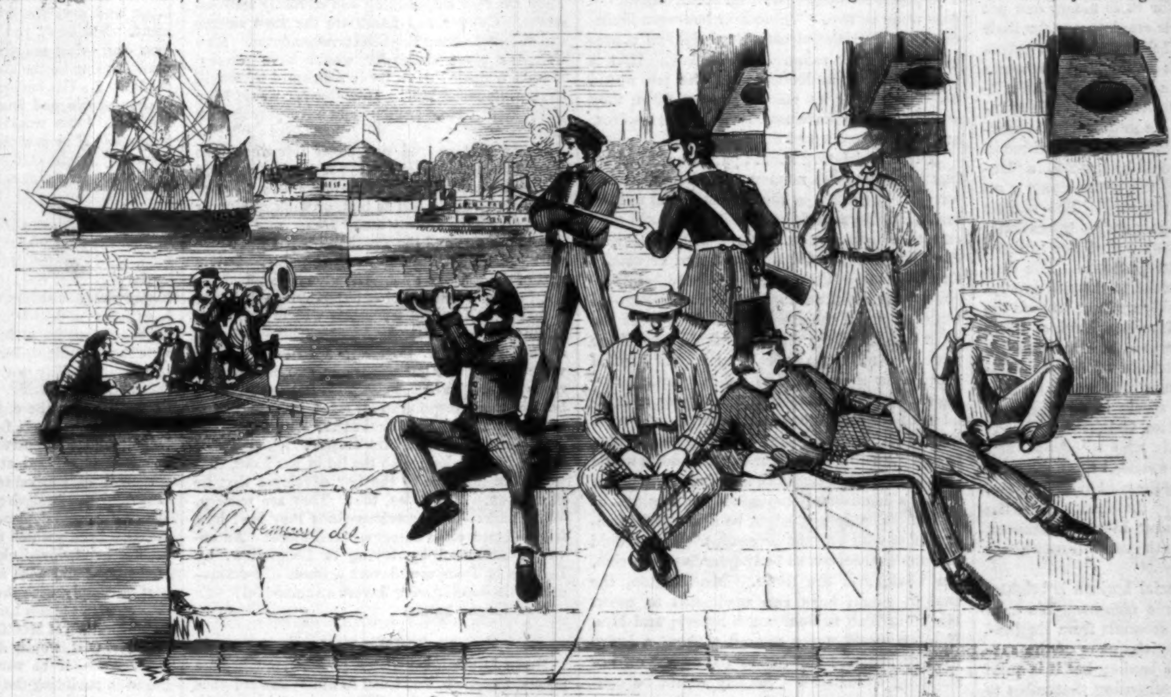
One day his company was sent to the western frontier. This was even worse. There was not only nothing to be done, but there was nothing and no one to see. Pat would have deserted a hundred times over if he had dared trust himself in the bush alone. He wrote to his friends that his heart was breaking for want of worruk.

His heart didn't break; he grew very fat, and was sent next year to Florida. There, same story—no work, no play, no excitement of any kind; nothing but sloth, sleep, eating, and lying on the face in the shade. Pat bore this but a few months. At last, declaring, in a letter to a friend, that life was not worth having on the terms on which he existed, he stole the military chest and went to Mexico, in a small town in which country he now lives, in the enjoyment of comparative opulence, under the name of Don Patricio R——.

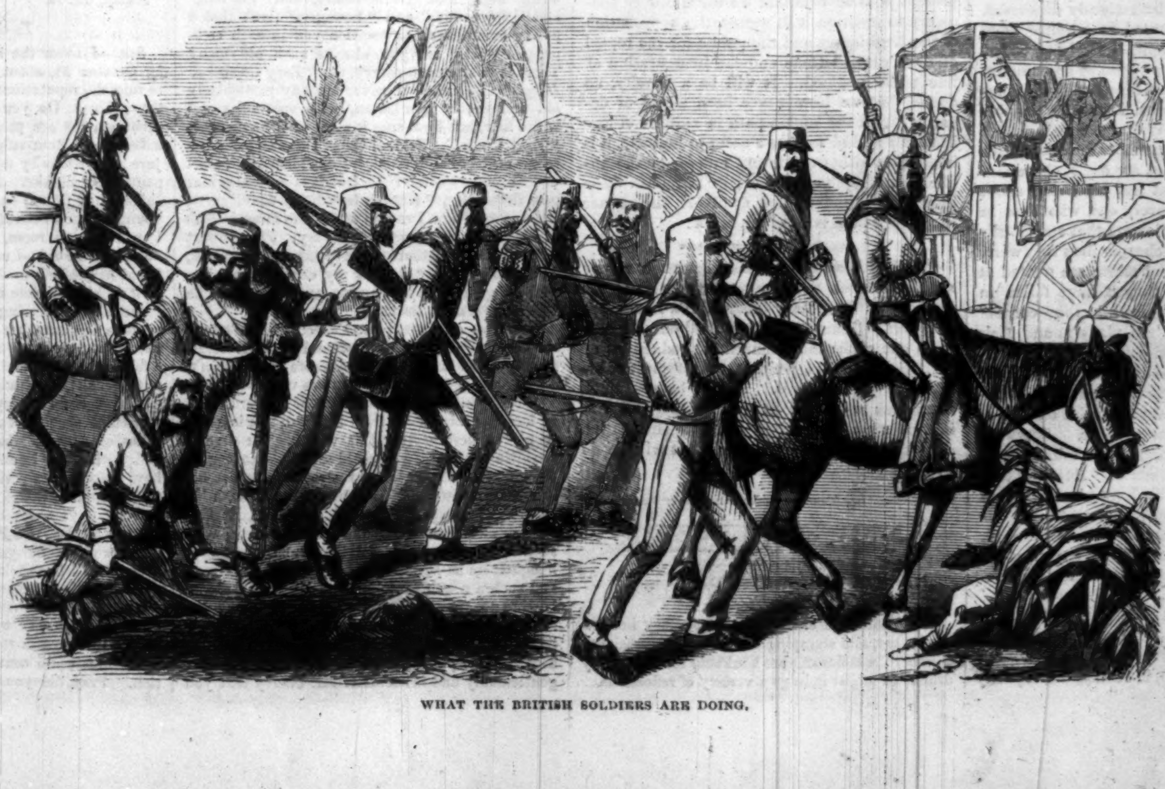
To the youth of generous ambition and comfortable prospects, an education at West Point is naturally an object of early and strong desires. Probably nothing in the whole of this country is so thorough as the West Point education, and happy are they who can share it. But it is best used when perverted from its original design.

Educate a boy at West Point to be a lawyer, to be a merchant, to be a doctor, to be any thing you please except a soldier, and you shall have done him good service: make him pursue a military career, and you have done your best to insure him a life of *ennui* and unsatisfied longings, with a prospect of a gray-headed lieutenancy at the age when he fancies he will be a major-general.

A few months hence there is a dim prospect that a portion of our army may be engaged in more active service than lying on the ground, smoking and fishing. If we are to believe the stories of the United States officials in Utah, it is the intention of Brigham Young to meet force with force, and to sever the settlement of the Mormons on Salt Lake from the communion of the united States. Lest he should attempt in earnest the execution of his threat, a large force of United States soldiers has been ordered to Utah. They are already *en route*; we hear from day to day of their progress throug the daily papers. Th Paddy M'Flynns in th little *corps d'armée* are rejoicing at the prospect of rale worruk, and are already settling among themselves how the harems of Brigham Young and his elders are to be divided among the conquerors; while not a few of the young officers do not disguise their hope that the campaign may not end without at least a brush or two. It is, however, unlikely that these hopes will be realized. There is a vast difference between threatening violence and actually appealing to the sword. Brigham Young has hitherto shown too much discretion to justify the belief that he will now confound the two.


W. J. Hennessy del.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES SOLDIERS ARE DOING



WHAT THE BRITISH SOLDIERS ARE DOING.

STICK TOGETHER!

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

When midst the wrack of fire and smoke,
When cannons rend the skies asunder,
And fierce dragoons with quickening stroke
Upon the reeling regiment thunder,
The ranks close up to sharp command,
'Till helmet's feather touches feather;
Compact, the furious shock they stand
And conquer, while they stick together.

When now mid clouds of woe and want
Our comrade's wails rise fast and faster,
And charging madly on our front
Come the black legions of Disaster,
Shall we present a wavering band
And fly like leaves before wild weather?
No! side by side, and hand in hand
We'll stand our ground and stick together!

God gave us hands—one left, one right;
The first to help ourselves, the other
To stretch abroad in kindly might
And help along our failing brother.
Then when you see a brother fall
And bow his head beneath the weather,
If you be not a dastard all,
You'll help him up, and stick together.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 7, 1857.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

THE banks, fortified by the accession of specie, and the gradual recovery of confidence, have been discounting more freely during the past week, and trade is easier and more comfortable than it has been for some time. So many houses have fallen—so many lapsed into discredit—that the supply of first-class paper has been notably diminished, and capitalists who select that investment for their money can not find a safe and profitable employment for their surplus funds. In Wall Street a similar excess of supply over demand is obvious. A few weeks ago there were at least a score of popular railway stocks in which it was considered safe to invest money; at present the most sanguine operators do not venture to enumerate over three in which a prudent man would be justified in placing his means. Among the brokers money on call is a drug at seven per cent. The market has been relieved of the needy corporations, which kept a line of loans out of two to three millions at two per cent. a month. The capital which used to be loaned to them is now lying idle. On another side we have to note the steady influx of specie into New York and into the banks. Every European steamer that has arrived within the past ten days has brought us specie; the steamers now due are known to have specie on board; specie is arriving from the West Indies and from California. Moreover, private individuals who withdrew their deposits from bank in specie, in the hope of making a trifle by selling the gold at a premium, have been disheartened by the abundance of the precious metal, and are now, in many instances, redepositing their gold in the vaults from whence they took it.

Altogether, the financial horizon is brighter than it has been for three months. We have yet, it is true, to receive accounts from England of the effect produced by the news of the suspension of our New York banks; but it is quite doubtful whether, even supposing that effect to be commensurate with the most gloomy expectations of the bears, our market here, and our trade generally, would be seriously depressed. We have already discounted in advance more disaster than, in any event, is likely to occur. We can not be taken by surprise by any amount of financial casualties; and considering the magnitude of our expectations, it is quite possible that we may be agreeably disappointed.

We must, however, remember the old proverb about not shouting till we are out of the wood. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the collapse of values, every one who lives in this community must be aware that staple articles of commerce are no cheaper than they were. No important sales of real estate are quoted at unusually low prices. Sugars have fallen in consequence of the break-down in the "corner" which was organized by the planters and their agents; but other groceries are as high as ever. Breadstuffs are held, in the West, too high for profitable shipment to the sea-board; and housekeepers do not notice any material change in the price of their barrel of flour. Servants' wages are the same, though we are told of thousands of girls who are homeless. Beef and provisions have not materially declined. Dry-goods—despite the nonsense which we read in the advertisements—are as dear as ever. In a word, the revulsion has not yet affected any class but the bankers and importers; it has not penetrated the heart of society.

There is some reason to believe that it must do so before permanent relief can be expected; and—as the heart of the country is sound, our resources abundant, and, in reality, our capacity to pay unquestionable—the sooner we see the symptoms of a general liquidation the better.

WHAT IS THE USE OF A CRIMINAL CODE?

We think the least the Legislature can do next winter will be to repeal the Criminal Code. Events around us show that the laws against robbery and murder are not consonant with the spirit of our civilization; and the sooner they are abolished the better. Especially can society dispense with legal punishment for murder. It is made quite apparent by the experience of the past couple of years that the sense of the community is averse to the punishment of murderers; why keep up the farce of making them liable to a ridiculous semblance of a trial? Why not frankly declare by a legislative Act, that in this State murder is not an offense known to the law?

There are at least six individuals walking about in this community who are known to have committed murder within a brief period of time. Some of them have been tried, and enabled to go scot-free by the peculiar quirks of the law. Others have not even been summoned to stand their trial. No one has ever been tried for the murder of the man who was killed on board a Staten Island boat this summer; and it is quite doubtful whether any one will suffer for the murderous assault at the Mayor's office on Thursday. Cancemi, Baker, and a host of others, not to speak of a woman still more famous than they, are able to certify to the efficiency of the law for the punishment of murder.

In the State of New Jersey, and in parts of New England, they have a way of hanging their murderers. In old England a similar old-fashioned practice prevails—the light of New York civilization not having penetrated the British skull. Here, murder is free. Why not declare it so to be, by law? Why keep up laws which can not be executed?

If the trade in murder were thrown open it is quite likely that human life would be safer. The police records report a murder a day for the past week or two. These murders were facilitated by law; the victims were slain in consequence of their reliance on the law. Had it been distinctly understood that the law would not avenge nor its officers protect them, they would probably have taken care of themselves, and would have saved their lives.

If the Legislature should pass an act declaring that henceforth no man could be prosecuted for such bagatelles as the slaying of his fellow-creatures, the said fellow-creatures would take care that they were not slain. They would, in the first place, avoid quarrels, and especially street brawls. They would cultivate habits of courtesy and mutual forbearance. They would cease to make themselves conspicuous as the most ill-bred of the civilized inhabitants of the world. And, these rules observed, they would provide for their safety as men do among savages. Every gentleman would carry a loaded revolver and a bowie-knife or short sword. Workmen would carry a pistol or gun on going to and returning from their work. Ladies would naturally wear poniards in their belts; on promenade a handsomely-mounted pistol might be added. The system might be developed in accordance with ancient precedent. Men would hire themselves out as body-guards to the rich, the weak, and the timid. Mr. Bullion, the banker, would have two spadassins to escort him from Wall to Fourteenth Street; and Mrs. Honiton would never stir out without a bravo with cutlass and carbine to follow her on her shopping excursions. Society would be constantly armed to the teeth.

The advantage of this state of things over the present is so obvious that we think it only necessary to mention it to secure the approbation of the Legislature and the public for the repeal of the Criminal Code and the inauguration of free trade in blood. It will be a novelty, no doubt; but we have never been afraid of departing from the beaten path in matters of legislation; and if, as events seem to indicate, it is impossible either to prevent murder by the application of the present laws, or to reform those laws so as to make them available, the sooner the no-law plan is tried the better.

☞ We devote an unusual portion of our space this week to the new story by Charles Dickens, "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices." This story is admitted on all hands to be one of the most charming productions of Mr. Dickens; it is, perhaps, the happiest of his many happy *novelettes*. It will be continued from week to week till it is completed, and with it, next week, we shall publish the continuation of Bulwer's famous story, "What will he do with it?"

THE LOUNGER.

THE LETTER-BOX.

We lift the lid of the letter-box!

If a Post-office clerk were not so busy in sorting letters, and stamping letters, and ascertaining whether the inclosures are bankable money or only drafts, he might indulge a variety of reflections.

What a blossom of the brain a letter is—or an offshoot of the heart—or a hand thrust over seas and lands to shake another hand—or a tear shed as warmly months afterward—or, in certain cases, what a sucker!

Some people talk letters, others compose them. Nothing preserved the old ceremonious manner more than high postage and sheets of letter-paper. Whoever sat down to fill one of those mammoth sides—or four of them—was oppressed with the consciousness of a performance to be accomplished. How could the pen frisk into little conceits, and airy quirks, and merry gambols, when the long journey from side to side of the sheet was to be achieved? How could it stop to joke when the monotonous white prairie stretched before it? The letter was obliged to begin "Honored Sir," when stateliness was imposed by the very size of the sheet.

——There was Horace Walpole?

Yes, but what cynicism! What amusing pages—but what a mean tone! Horace Walpole never forgave famous men. He lavished his life on a museum, and considered Richard III. rather a model man. He said he never could see the greatness of Sir Philip Sidney; and Hallam thereupon remarks, with a dryness which is rare and refreshing in his pages, that Walpole merely gave his own measure in saying so. It was Horace Walpole who said, "Life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." He was like a genius with a stiff neck. He took wry views of the pleasantest things, and hearty laughter would have broken his neck. His letters are the perfection of social scandal. They have an air of undress; but that is only the dishabille of an actor upon the stage before a crowded house; it is the most elaborate negligence, the most careful carelessness. Large sheets of paper were essential to Walpole; but he dodged the high postage by begging franks for his letters.

——Madame de Sevigné—your most humble servant! One should be in full-dress to receive one of your charming gushes of *esprit* and good sense. Lamb says Milton should be read to solemn music. Madame de Sevigné should be read in handsome drawing-rooms, with a well-dressed circle. Large sheets, clearly.

Gray is rather *petit maître* in his letters. Byron's are written in his favorite character of the irresistible Corsair or the Devil-may-care Lord. They are very entertaining and eternally self-conscious. Cowper and Lamb are the most sincere and different among English correspondents. How Cowper's pious simplicity would have puzzled Horace Walpole! How Lamb's sheathed wit would have confounded him! How Cowper would have pitied him! How Lamb would have played with him!

Cheap postage and note-paper introduced the era of talking letters. Instead of putting yourself in court-costume and performing a bow to your friend, you simply nod to him, or wink at him, or shout across the stormy sea, "*H-o-w a-r-e y-o-u?*" Cheap postage and the small sheets put the whole world upon chatting and nodding terms. It is a part of the universal democrization of the world.

Of course it is the end of letter-writing properly so called. Nowadays Walpole would empty his bilious budget of gossip into a *chronique scandaleuse* if he dared, rather than into a letter. Nobody writes letters now but politicians, and nobody ever reads them. To be sure, there is Bayard Taylor—but he is an exception to all rules.

Then are there not love-letters?

No—not since Henrietta Temple.

We dally so long with the lid in our hand, that we do an injustice to the fair envelopes that lie in the box. Envelopes, too! They are modern. What husks—what precious rinds they are! how freely dispensed to autograph collectors! An envelope addressed by Irving or Longfellow, by Dickens or Tennyson, flavors a whole collection—as a little lemon-paring flavors a tumblerful!

Now for our letters.

A FEMALE MAIL.

Dear Lounger,—Mister Lounger much more proper, I suppose, but I feel so kindly toward your venerable old poll, that I like to speak to you familiarly. By-the-way, why are you people who write "Bees," and "Connoisseurs," and "Tattlers," and "Spectators," and "Loungers" (isn't that a pretty compliment to mention you in such company?)—why are you always such old men? There is your contemporary, the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine;* I never see any particularly old and toddly gentleman, with spectacles and white hair, but I am sure it must be the venerable "Easy Chair." Several times I have rushed up to one of them, and asked, "Now, please, Sir, ain't you the 'Easy Chair?'" But it is very singular how they reply, "Heaven forbid, my dear!"

Dear me! how I run on and rattle away!

I really *do* have something to say. The moment I read your invitation to correspondents, last week, I said to myself, "Here is my chance; here is a wise old gentleman who knows every thing, and he will answer my question!"

Now you will, won't you? You wouldn't hurt the feelings of your poor, trembling little correspondent, would you? No, I am sure you wouldn't. I know you are as kind as you are venerable.

Well, then, here it is: You know Edward Sherry has just come home from Paris, and he is going to be the best partner this winter. He dresses beautifully; and if you could see him standing on the club-house steps, or at the restaurant just below, about two o'clock in the afternoon, with his mustache so superbly waxed, and such English collars, and such boots, and such trowsers, with such splendid stripes, and then such an elegant haughtiness as he looks up and down the street, and such a nonchalant but distinguished style of bowing to Ma and me as we drive by in the carriage—if you could only see all this, and hear how he talks of Paris, and how hard it is for him to live here, I know you would agree that he is the most gentlemanly and aristocratic Mr. Sherry that you ever knew; and I know you must have known so many.

Well, now, it is too bad, but it is too true, that Mr. Sherry gets tipsy. Ma says all young men do—but they get over it. If they do, I am very glad of it—but until they do, they are no different from drunken Irishmen in the gutter, and a hundred times worse, because they haven't the excuse.

Well, now—dear me! I never shall get to it—I am going to dance hard this winter. I love it dearly. But I will not dance with drunken men. It is true, I'd rather lose a lace handkerchief than not dance with Edward Sherry—but I can't do it. And the difficulty I want you to help me out of is, how can I help it?

Now, don't be a foolish old Lounger, and say that when he asks me I must decline. That can't be done. Society will not suffer it. The men can pick out what partners they choose, but we girls have to put up with every dancing-Jack that comes along. I don't dare to break through the fashion—and what shall I do? If I dance with James Jenkins, and then Edward Sherry comes up and asks me—think of my situation! I can't say I'm tired—for I *shall* dance with somebody; I *won't* say that I don't think we go well together, because he is the best dancer among all the men. If I decline without giving any reason I shall be called unlady-like, and the other men will say they don't dare to ask me, lest I should decline them too.

You see it is a very trying case, and I shall depend upon your advising me. Once I did dance with James German, who stamps in the polka like a cow in fly-time. He was tipsy; and taking me round the waist, away we flew, ker-smash, and dashed in among the musicians, upsetting fiddlers, music-stands, and lemonade-tables, and brought the whole dance to a stand—in fact, wound up the ball, as Mr. Arctic said to me in the cloak-room. I was dreadfully ashamed; and it was the last time I have danced with a drunken man.

But, dear old Lounger, just you tell me what I am to do; and bless your old heart.

Your constant reader,
Nelly Lancer.

Mr. Lounger,—My husband is a lawyer, who does business down town. We are poor, and the hard times make us poorer. We have given up all our servants but an old woman, and I have to take care of my three children and do the cooking. My husband has very strict views of the division of labor, and says the house is the woman's department. But don't you think he might make the fires, and bring the water, and do all the heavy work, and make the best of it with me by sharing the labor? His business at home is sitting in his dressing-gown and smoking. It never occurs to him that I am working hard, or that he might help me. If he saw the facts in a newspaper, perhaps they might strike him.

Yours respectfully,
Sabina Griddle.

Mrs. Catherine O'Rumpkin presents her compliments to the *Lounger*, and begs to say that she has seen, with inexpressible indignation, a solicitation in the *Weekly* of the last week, addressed to "husbands who look at Mrs. Catherine, and wonder what has become of dear little Kate." Why any Lounger should thus impertinently interfere with her private family affairs, Mrs. Catherine O'Rumpkin is totally at a loss to conjecture. She begs to remark that both she and Mr. O'R. have every reason to be grateful for the extraordinary share of health and family that have fallen to their lot; and if the incomprehensible paragraph alluded to may be supposed to conceal any suggestion of increasing corporeal expansiveness upon the part of Mrs. O'Rumpkin, she desires to say that both she and Mr. O'R. would deplore nothing so much as a condition of health which would prevent her saying to each of her beloved children, in the chaste words of the poet, and with an entire capacity upon her part to comply with the invitation,

> "Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear!"

In the opinion of Mrs. O'Rumpkin—and she is sure that Mr. O'R. would desire to express his entire concurrence, if he were not at this moment engaged in pacifying the youngest infant—the proper and natural refuge of every afflicted dear is the maternal bosom.

Friday, Oct. 30.

To the Lounger.

Sir,—I scorn the insinuation in your number for October 31, about "elderly ladies" who wish to ruin the reputations of others without injury to themselves. Do you need to be reminded that such remarks are pointless, Sir; and that *elderly ladies*, to use your vulgar phraseology, no more injure reputations by talking about them than they paint their cheeks. I know it is said that Mrs. Inigo Impy puts it on half an inch thick, and that young Midge at Saratoga, when he flew into Mrs. Van Plopper's room, without knocking (I don't know that he did—I merely tell you what I heard), found her as he *is said* (mind that) to have expressed it to his dissolute companions in the bar-room, "absolutely covering the tough old canvas (I suppose he meant her cheeks) with red paint." I should be very sorry to believe any such story of a fellow-creature, and mother of a family too; but to tell the truth—and that, Sir, is what *elderly ladies* always do (except, of course, those Wellses, who think themselves so very deep, and that ridiculous old frump, Miss Mehitable Pandowdy, who insists that she is only forty-three, when I, who have searched the parish register of Trinity, KNOW that she was baptized fifty-one years, five months, and six days ago); but, as I was saying, to tell the truth, Mrs. Van Plopper's color *is* remarkable for a woman of her years.

No, Sir: I have taken my pen in hand to inform you that *elderly ladies*—why that insidious *elderly*, Sir?—are *not* in the habit of striking at reputations. It did very well for the writers of Queen Anne's time to talk so; but for you, Sir, a Lounger of the nineteenth century, it is an absurd affectation. Pray did you ever hear me say that Mrs.

Blibber's diamonds are paste, and Miss Tibb's teeth false (and poorly made at that), and that Mr. and Mrs. Lambkin fight like cats and dogs? No, Sir. And yet these things are perfectly well known in society; just as well as that Jane Lather buys her silks in the Sixth Avenue, and has them made up Heaven knows where! in Hoboken, I should think, to look at her dresses.

I wish you to understand, Sir, that *elderly ladies* (odious word!) are not vexed at being called so (although no gentleman or well-bred person would ever be induced to use such a term under any circumstances), and that in their name I desire to flout in this public manner your malevolent insinuation that they love to insinuate anonymous scandal about each other.

Don't suppose that I am Mrs. M'Tiger—I don't wonder her poor husband has fallen into bad habits—because I use a name so appropriate to her conduct as that of, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

Xantippe.

The Lounger can not undertake an answer to these communications to-day. He places his hand upon his heart, and makes a bow in mute, expressive silence, hoping that the favors of the fair will not be discontinued, and promising that when he *can* answer, he will. For the present he feels too much crushed under the weight of Mrs. O'Rumpkin's rebuke.

THE PRIORESS AND THE BELLE.

A Lounger can certainly have no objection to Mr. Ten Broeck's horses winning all the races they can, and he desires to congratulate that gentleman upon his unanimous election into the Newmarket something-or-other. But why should these proceedings be published as among important items in foreign news?

The Race is not an American institution. It does not take kindly to our soil, except in South Carolina, where the races are synonymous with the culminating moments of a fashionable season. The American race-horse is the offspring of the English, and he goes back to run where his ancestors ran, or where he may even have run himself. Suppose he beats? Suppose he is beaten? Who can possibly care? What ingenuity is equal to involving the honor of the country in the performance of a race-horse, except that of a professed jockey?

Jonathan doesn't pretend to raise race-horses, nor to have races. He would be about as much disconcerted by having a palm-tree he had grown surpassed in India as a race-horse in England. If he can beat the Indian palm, it's all very well; but it is an individual satisfaction. Who cares a straw for his palm-tree?

But in ships, in reapers, in locks, in whatever is noble and useful, there is an American—a national interest. When the yacht *America* outsailed the English yachts, it was a triumph of American genius in a splendid sphere. But it seems to us different with race-horses. Perhaps we are wrong? Perhaps it is a cause of lofty congratulation that, at last, the mares Prioress and Belle have beaten some others? But unless we are to plant among ourselves that refining and humanizing institution of the race-course, why should we be very jolly about the triumphs of those amiable equine females?

"MR. FREDERICK FANSHAWE LITTLETON."

In the midst of the stirring news that every steamer brings, it is curious to notice, in the summary of the *Persia*, the name of Tommy Moore. The statue of Thomas Moore, Esquire, has been inaugurated at Dublin with great splendor and the Lord Lieutenant; and one only regrets that the person of all others who would have enjoyed the occasion—to wit, Thomas Moore, Esquire—could not be present. No little lord ever enjoyed his own glorification more. When he went to Ireland, and dined at the Castle—or was dined by enthusiastic countrymen, and made a speech, all poetry and tears, over the wine—or was cheered at the theatre, and bowed to the house—the intensity of his delight was inexpressible. He wrote it all in faithful minutes to his "dearest girl" at home, taking care of the children and mending his poetic pantaloons.

Quite unintentionally upon the part of poet or editor, the wife of Tom Moore—the patient, industrious, silent, sympathizing woman—is the only point of interest in the eight volumes of dinner-crumbs and slops entitled "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." If doctors and clergymen must be examined, and stamped with official approbation, before they can pass current in their professions in society, how much more necessary is such an assurance in the case of editors and biographers?

But surely a Lounger must not speak slightingly of Moore. It would be impossible to be indignant with him; but he hardly deserved a statue. His Ireland was an ideal, impossible Ireland. He lived carefully away from it, going over sometimes to see his father, and dine with the Lord Lieutenant. He happened to be born in Ireland, but his training, his sympathies, his successes, and his whole life were entirely English. His sole literary achievement was the rescue of some of the Irish melodies from oblivion. He was the poet of the reign of George IV., and ought to have been the Laureate of that great and good monarch.

What a pity that Lord John Russell ever suffered Moore's Diary to be printed! The poet's widow was benefited at the expense of her husband's fame, and every body who had had his spoony days of "Love's young dream" and "Stilly night"—as we all have had—was sorry to find that the kid glove had struck through, and that there was little real in the poet but a chirping good-humor, vanity, and selfishness.

He had a honeyed life—he dined well, and was laid in lavender. Often he came to the last guinea, but, somehow, there was always one more beyond. Lord Lansdowne would not let him starve. His "dear Bessie" would not let his nerves be agitated by the spectacle of his dying child. She brought him smelling-salts, softly. But it was always so. He always held smelling-salts to his nose whenever he looked at grave matters. Let us hope the statue has a vinaigrette in one hand, and the scroll in the other shall be—according as you are a good-natured enthusiast or a cynic—the manuscript of "Dear Harp of my Country!" or an acceptance of the Countess of Cauliflower's polite invitation to dinner on Thursday, the twenty-second instant.

THE DEATH OF CRAWFORD.

It is a little more than a year since the *Lounger* sat at the window of the German Club-house in Philadelphia, overlooking Washington Square, in the heart of that busy city, and renewed with Thomas Crawford the remembrance of scores of sunny hours in Rome, while the ardent sculptor spoke of the future and of all his stately plans. Scarcely had they parted, and the artist had sailed again for Italy, than the first report of the disease that had stricken him was received. For a long year, hoping against hope, the brave man has suffered what may God in his goodness spare to the rest of us, until at length anguish and life have ended together.

He dies young, but he has done a good work. His name will be carved upon what seems a premature tombstone, but it is written also in many hearts and in many places; and no man dies too young who has lived well and worked faithfully.

We learn that his body will be brought home and buried here. Will not his friends the artists and the lovers of genius and art unite in some proper expression of their respect and regret? A nation honors itself that laments its poets and artists, and flings flowers upon their graves when it is too late to wreathe laurels for their brows.

PRE-RAPHAELITE.

The gallery in Tenth Street is quite rich in Pre-Raphaelite pictures. It is a school of which Mr. Stillman has been the only faithful representative among American painters, and which Mr. Ruskin has often commended. But the appearance of the works and the peculiarity of the name have confused its significance as applied to a school of painters.

Pre-Raphaelitism does not imply the style, but the spirit of the painters before Raphael. The purely religious, or Nazarene school, as it is termed, was anterior to Raphael. Painting is supposed, by the Pre-Raphaelite theory, to have been a religious function at that time, and to have degenerated into something more sensual by the age of Raphael. That great painter himself long painted in the manner of his master Perugino—who has the precise hard outline which generally displeases in the old paintings, and the conventional sanctity or sacred sentimentalism which is visible in most of the early religious painters. It is a tradition among painters that Overbeek said, "When Raphael left Perugino the Lord left Raphael."

The significance of the word Pre-Raphaelite, applied to painting, is religious fidelity to nature. The principle is, that nature is all—that you can not represent what is symbolized by natural objects, or impart the suggestion of the pleasure they give, unless you accurately imitate the forms of nature upon your canvas.

The obvious danger of this principle is shown in the extravagant imitation of the detail of nature, so that instead of a tree you see a curious piece of bark, and in the contemplation or admiration of the skill with which the quality of skin is reproduced upon the human face or hand, you quite forget that sense of poetic glow and movement which, in heroic or picturesque or poetic moments, prevents your recognizing that there is any detail at all.

The spirit of the Pre-Raphaelite school is, however, beyond any doubt, the true spirit. It may have yet to learn its own limitations. Nobody who looks at the exquisite engraving from Millais's picture of the Huguenot Lovers will long doubt whether it can not produce great painters. It would be hard to find any where in painting a more simply expressive face than that of the girl in that picture.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Petit André, in *Quentin Durward*, the hilarious hangman of Louis XI., of France, is the only individual upon record who considered hanging merely a droll process of tickling; and he was wont to exhort his victims to give the fatal leap nimbly and cheerfully, for, after all, death was a mere joke. He only used the wrong word. Under Louis XI. life was the joke, and liable to be cut short at any moment.

But this trait of character, which seems a little extraordinary even in a French executioner of four centuries ago, has suddenly displayed itself in our contemporary life and literature. A late number of the *Illustrated London News*, under a picture representing one man cutting another man's throat, says:

"The first of our correspondent's sketches shows a ludicrous, though a tragic scene, which had just occurred. 'We had been out fighting all day,' writes a correspondent of the Artist, 'in the heat of the sun, clearing Subseemundee of mutineers, and had at last finished the business, when, quite exhausted, our men lay down to rest. Two of the Fusiliers and a little Ghoorkah were sitting by a window, when one of the enemy, who had concealed himself in a dark corner, finding all was quiet, gently popped out his head to see what was doing. He happened to look first the other way, when the little Ghoorkah, as quick as thought, whipped out his *koorkerie*, and sliced his head off in an instant, to the great delight of the Fusiliers, who could not for ten minutes shoulder their muskets for laughing.'"

This is certainly capital. It is the most successful practical joke we have seen for a long time. It is very funny indeed; tragical, perhaps, as the *News* suggests, but so "ludicrous!" Ha! ha! ha! "Popped out his head," did he? and never popped it in again. He! he! he! "The little Ghoorkah sliced it off in a minute"—sly dog—"whipped out his koorkerie"—the jolly scamp—and we Fusiliers couldn't lift our guns for laughing! If there had been only a few more heads to slice off it would have been too much for us. How very droll! Little Ghoorkah, indeed; he shall be Little Joker hereafter, and we will make a modern Joe Miller of a few score of similar jokes, appointed to be read in the home-circle of John Bull! Popped out his head, and the Little Joker sliced it off! Capital! capital!

To add to this hilarity in India, the Hon. Ben Disraeli must needs keep up the joke in England by declaring that the conduct of the English soldiers in India is rather like that of the followers of Moloch than Christ. Funny Dizzy! Funny little Ghoorkah!

GUY LIVINGSTONE.

Permit the *Lounger* to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. Guy Livingstone—a young English gentleman, full of brawn and Greek, and "up" in riding and Latin poetry; of good family, of splendid person, of fascinating manners; able with ease to pose a Bishop or punish a coal-heaver, a University Vivian Grey, a Bersekir Pelham. He loves Miss Constance, and Miss Flora Bellasys loves him. Miss Flora is a splendid brunette, and "makes love" in a manner which would appal Miss Flora M'Flimsy. There are jokes, and races, and tears, and passions, and balls, and murders; also life in English country-houses, in Parisian cafés, and in Italian gardens. Mr. Guy Livingstone is immensely liked by men, and deeply loved by women, and is the town-talk among readers just at this time.

For the sagacious reader understands the elephantine witticism of this unfortunate Lounger, and perceives that the youth's name is the name of a book—the last new novel.

Perhaps it is an added interest that it is reported, in some quarters, to be the anonymous performance of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, famous for trotting horses and Greek prosody—a young American gentleman, long resident in Europe, and educated at Cambridge, in England. If it be his work, it is the best thing he has ever done. It is an exciting story, full of movement—too full. The subject is better than the handling: but it is a thoroughly British book. It shows the plucky Englishman; it shows how much of the Viking yet survives in the London gentleman of the nineteenth century. As a strong sketch of character it is like "Paul Ferroll"—a striking story, not a fine novel.

But Mr. Guy Livingstone will repay your acquaintance.

PLUCK.

A few weeks since, while Young America was lolling about in white trowsers, sitting in draughts and sucking iced Sherry through straws, Young England in India wrote home:

"The heat is awful, the thermometer being at 96 degrees before sunrise, and 120 degrees in the middle of the day. I have set my bed on to my camel trunks, and am sitting under it, to get a little additional protection from the sun. We have our heads wrapped in towels, which we keep wet all day. When the alarm sounds we soak our heads and on we rush. Nice style of life, is it not? But we are as jolly as grigs."

It needs no prophet to foretell that no Delhi can ultimately stand against an army of jolly grigs like this. That little extract, if a Lounger may use such an extraordinary expression, is a spirit of pure heroism.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

POOR MACBETH!

I am not sympathetic. I belong to the school of the Cynics rather than to that of the Epicureans. But my bowels of compassion were much exercised—I may say opened—by the severe manner in which the "divine William's" tragedy, "Macbeth, King of Scotland," was maltreated at one of the up-town theatres.

I have all the Bohemian passion for profane stage-plays, and Macbeth I like better than any other. I have seen it in several languages; in French, where the witches say, "Good-morning, Monsieur Macbet—how do you do?" and in Italian, where they call the attendant upon Mrs. M. the "Gentildonna," which she never is, being neither genteel nor gentle as a general rule. I have seen it in English more or less murdered—generally more.

I was much gratified, then, to read in the *Daily Blower* that Miss Cushman intended to favor an ungrateful public with her "unparalleled assumption" (whatever that is) of Lady Macbeth. Likewise was I enlightened by a placard in front of the theatre, wherein I found the statement in great red letters on a white ground that she (Miss Cushman) was the "greatest *artiste* of the age," and that she was "supported by the best talent in the country."

I relied, Mr. Editor, upon the *Blower*. I said, "Come, my friend, let us be credulous for once; let us have faith; let us take a great dose at once—we shall believe in a theatrical manager!" By a sublime effort, like that of Rachel in *Polyeucte*, I became inspired. I laid down my meerschaum, I drew myself up to my full height, respired freely, and exclaimed ecstatically, "I believe! I believe! I believe!"

I then walked calmly to the theatre and secured my place.

I think the pleasures of hope are better than the pleasures of realization, or the pleasures of memory. I felt as happy as a little boy who sees a snow-storm coming up just as his first boots have come home.

But do the pleasures of hope pay the pangs of disappointment? Hardly. I hoped for Sophonisba's smile. But in the most absurd manner she turned her radiant countenance from me toward the brass buttons of a passed midshipman in the navy, who watched men while they lowered salt pork into the hold, worked up mathematical problems, swore at mariners, ordinary and otherwise, and walked a bit of the quarter-deck for forty dollars per month. I had no animosity against this gallant defender of the American eagle. I believe in "the army and navy forever, and three cheers for the red, white, and blue," but I was sorry for Sophonisba. I always thought she was a woman of taste.

Likewise was I disappointed with Macbeth, his amiable lady, their friends and enemies, and fellow-citizens generally. My anguish was acute. But you have heard of people who were irresistibly impelled to smile while undergoing a painful surgical operation. Such are the contradictions in human nature. And I must say that my torture was varied with emotions of the most laughable character.

Macbeth is the greatest of Shakspeare's dramas, in point of stage effects and construction. In it the real and the spiritual are so blended as to produce the strongest impression on the imaginative mind. To my idea, the witches take the place of Fate, the impelling power in the old Greek drama. But Euripides had an audience purely æsthetic—he could rely on their imagination for something. Shakspeare, not being favored with such hearers, was obliged to put his Fates upon the stage. Thus we see the character of Macbeth, who, at the outset, struggles with his impending destiny, and might postpone it, did not the Arch Enemy enter into the heart of Lady Macbeth, whose influence precipitates the catastrophe. Now the devil, when he is working with such material as Macbeth, is a soft, easy, pliant spirit, with a handsome exterior; he might take the shape of Ristori, but never that of Miss Cushman. Why, Sir, if Macbeth had had such a wife in these days he would have removed to Illinois and gotten a divorce from her at once. What he would have done in these rude days I shudder to think of.

You remember the case of Mr. and Mrs. Manning, in London, who killed an old man for his money, and buried him under the hearthstone on which he was sharing their hospitality. Well, Miss Cushman in Lady Macbeth constantly reminds me of Mrs. Manning, while the way in which she knocked Macbeth about was equally suggestive of the manner in which poor, weak, mean-spirited Manning was treated by his amiable spouse. Poor Macbeth! He was turned, and twisted, and put at right-angles, and chased into a corner, and stuck against the wall, and suffered all sorts of indignities. Lady Macbeth would stand with her back toward him, on an angle of forty-five, and talk *to* him and *at* the audience over her left shoulder. Whenever he had any opportunity to do any thing she always got in the way and prevented him from doing it. She acted his part and every body else's better than her own.

Of the grand repose, which is the secret of tragic acting, Miss Cushman knows nothing, and the constant movement of the muscles of her face, though disagreeable at first, becomes at last intensely ludicrous. She displays the greatest interest in the scene before the murder of Banquo, an affair which she had no hand in. Mark here the skill of the dramatist, and the stupidity of the actress. Macbeth was king—his wife shared his state. The work was done; the man became hardened, and encompassed the life of his friend—his comrade in arms—the sharer of his tent—his right-arm in the field—his anchor at the council-board.

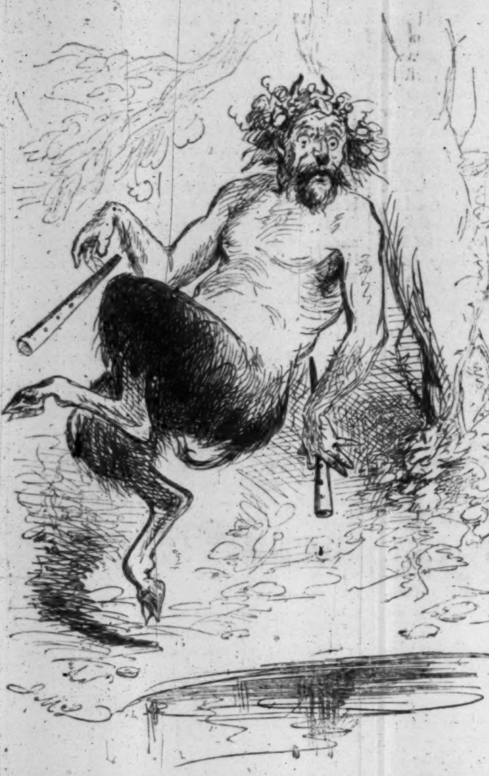
But the woman, now that her part in the murderous drama has been enacted, becomes again the weaker vessel. She sinks under the weight of those royal robes; that soft, white ermine is dabbled in the old man's blood; that coronal, with gems seven times heated in everlasting flames, burns into her poor brain. Now our actress attempted to make this change, but in such a clumsy way! She had not done with Macbeth, and could not give the poor fellow up.

As for Macbeth, he was an inoffensive person, who might have done very well if Miss Cushman had given him an opportunity. He was much better after she died, and every body else seemed a good deal relieved.

The witches were altogether too palpable—not a bit like witches as we read about them. One of them absolutely put his ear to the ground to listen for the approach of his fellows, who are supposed to fly through the air! Likewise all but two seemed very much frightened at the thunder and lightning immediately after expressing their intense delight at any fall in the barometer. Then at the end of a scene they all musically expressed their intention to "fly by night 'mid troops of spirits," when only one stout lady with a greasy child went up in a gilded dry-goods box, suspended by very palpable cords; the other witches walked off about their business. I was charmed with the attention paid to the costumes and surroundings of the scene. There were hats, and tunics, and mysterious shirts of all countries and periods, from Charlemagne down to Louis the Eleventh. A feeble attempt to make them look Scotch was visible in some plaid scarfs, of scanty patterns. The men, generally, had white legs; and the effect of the witch meetings was materially heightened by the apparition at the side scenes of a young gentleman in drab trowsers and a fireman's red shirt. The ladies, poor things!—attendants on Mrs. Mac and guests at the banquet—wore any thing they had; and one, who sat in the most prominent position, luxuriated in white muslin with many plaits. Macbeth had stained-glass windows in his castle, and a portrait on the wall which could not have been painted until about two centuries after his decease.

It was altogether a very curious performance, and, as the reporters say, it "baffles description." Who will find us an actress? The English stage has none. Rachel can only play at *piquet* with Sarah, and Ristori is not quite enough for the entire civilized world. Who?

Bohemien.



AS PAN ONE DAY WAS WALKING ALONE—

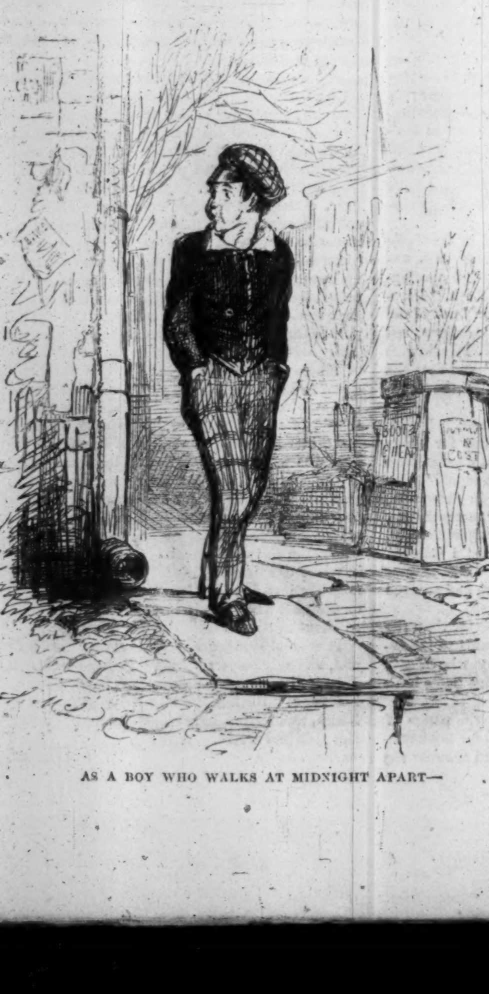
THE PANIC.

I.

WHEN a man was seized, in the days of old,
With terrors, divine or Satanic;
Or when a nation was made to bow
To a moral tempest, as we are now,
They were said to be struck with a panic.
Now panic, the reader need scarce be told—
If a well-read man—
Was derived from Pan,
Which Pan was a god of the Age of Gold.
As Pan, one day, was walking alone
By the side of a stream where the reeds were thick,
Thinking how Syrinx had cut her stick,
He heard, or fancied he heard, a groan,
Or saw a shadow—of course his own!
It startled him so that he turned and ran,
Through mud and mire, and bush and brier,
In a woeful plight,
Till he dropped down, and almost died of the fright!
From that time forward he gave up his pranks,
And, his bad heart gone, became a good liver,
Remaining in wholesome fear of the river,
For well he remembered his run on the banks!
So we, for instance—to come to my theme—
We gazed on the flow of Prosperity's stream,
That swelled and rolled as never before,
A perfect Pactolus by every man's door,
Till a shadow, or sound,
Spread terror around;
A mid-summer madness pervaded all ranks,
And, like Pan, we commenced a great run on the banks!

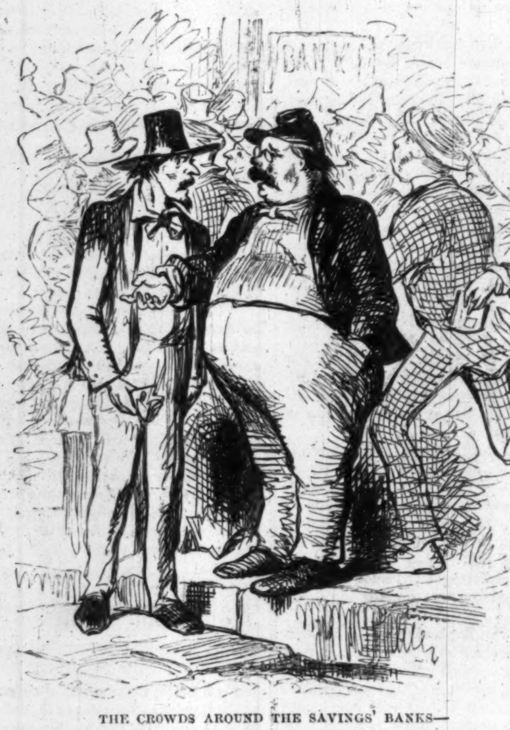
II.

It began in the sober city of Penn,
And set all the Quakers quaking;
We heard that their credit was shaking, and then
We heard that their banks were breaking!



AS A BOY WHO WALKS AT MIDNIGHT APART—

We pitied their fear and folly a while,
Hiding our own with a blustering smile,
As a boy who walks at midnight apart
Whistles and shouts to keep up his heart.
But when we read in the money-column
That Smithers suspended the day before—
[He had just moved into his marble store!],
And Brown had gone for a million or more,
The merriest man looked solemn.
Smithers, and Brown, and Jenkins & Co.
Didn't owe us a dime;
But it troubled us though, for it seemed to show
That assignment was meant for a sign of the time!
Nothing was done at the Broadway stores,
So lately crowded with fashion;
The clerks stood lounging about the doors,
Watching the carriages dash on,
But no lady would drop in
To do her shopping;
To save was the ruling passion.
[Dear woman! for one I revere her,
And the cheaper she grows she grows dearer!]
It was pleasant to stroll through "the street,"
And look in on the banks and the brokers.
We were going straight off to the dogs,
Or else were rehearsing the play of "The Frogs"
With a mighty great chorus of croakers!
We saw the best men in the city
Diving down into low shaving cellars;
They were humble enough for our pity,
"Hail-fellow" with all sorts of fellows!
[The mighty Fitz Boodle,
The Fifth Avenoodle,
Was seen, I am told, on a pressing occasion,
Persuading a gent of the Jewish persuasion!]
We read, and grew weary
Of Reading and Erie;
The stocks were stock still, or kept falling:
The pressure was really appalling!
The faces of all men seemed to say,
"Your very best friend will fleece ye;"

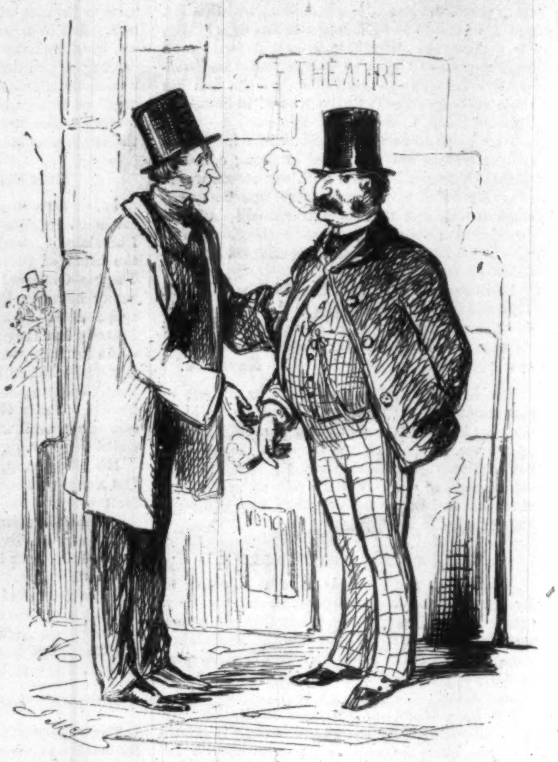


THE CROWDS AROUND THE SAVINGS' BANKS—

The love of the species had given way
To the stronger love of the specie!
Myself now—a prudent and sensible man,
Not given to blowing a bubble—
I wanted a thousand for some little plan,
That was certain to bring me in double:
Wherever I went
All the money was lent;
So all I could borrow was trouble!

III.

It came at last, like a thunder-blast,
And the boldest stood for a time aghast.
There were hurrying feet
In every street,
The city was all alive;
Woman and man—
They rushed and ran,
Swarming like bees to a hive:
The banks were hives, and the honey
Was money—solid money!
Rich and poor, and young and old,
And simple and wise, were bawling "*Gold!*"
"We've had enough
Of your paper stuff,
And now, you see, we are bold:
We fear the crash,
And have come for our cash,
So hurry it up in gold!"
Hats were battered, and coats were torn,
And scores of toes acknowledged the corn,
Crushed in the rush for gold!
The crowds around the Savings' Banks
Exceeded computation:
English, Irish, Dutch, and French—
Samples of every nation!
Here was a Jew, his hooked nose
Still on the scent for cast-off clothes;

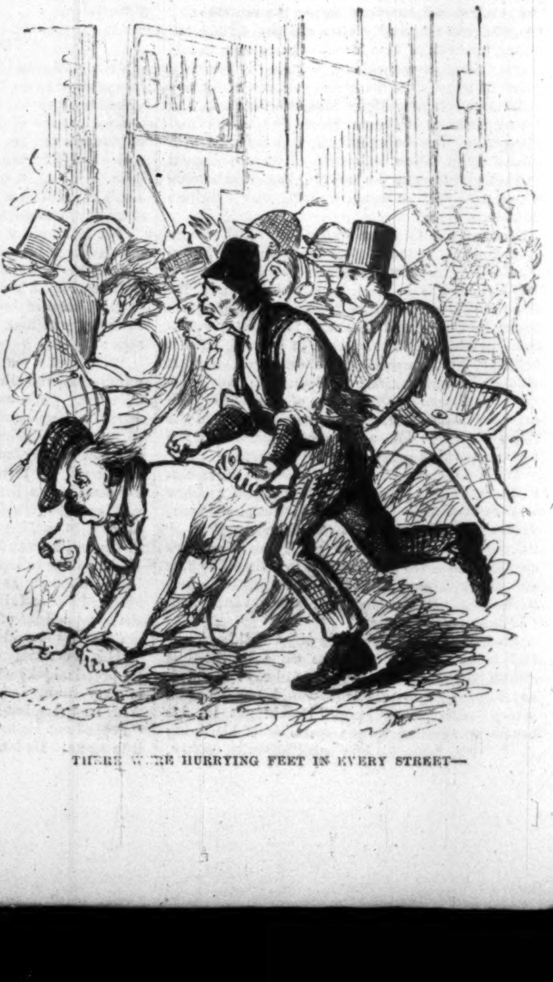


PERSUADING A GENT OF THE JEWISH PERSUASION—

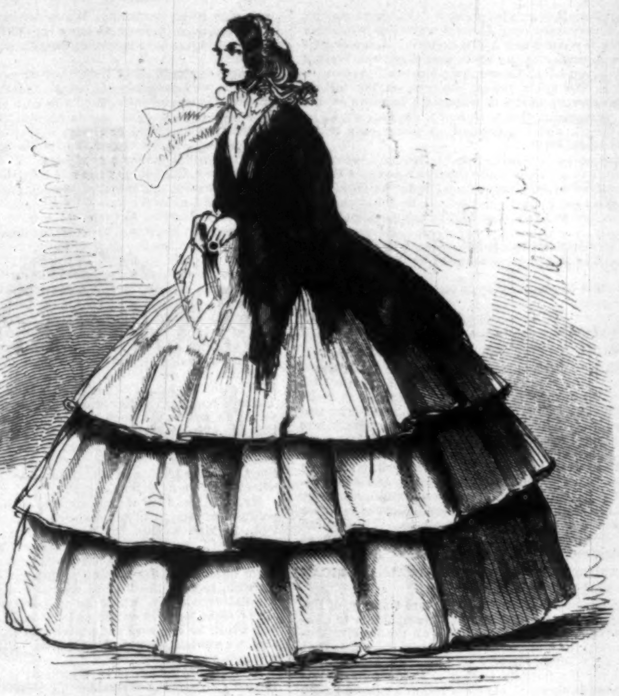
There a German with hairy face,
Smelling of lager and switzer kase:
And hundreds of Irish thronged the street,
With the brogue on their tongues, and brogans on their feet!
Mr. O'Hara was robbed of his book,
By some of the light-fingered gentry;
And Margaret Flanagan's purse was "took"
By a blackleg, shure, in the entry!
And a neighbor of hers, one Biddy McFloy,
[It's maybe some of yees know her!]
Lent hers that night to a broth of a boy,
Who has since gone off to Iowa!

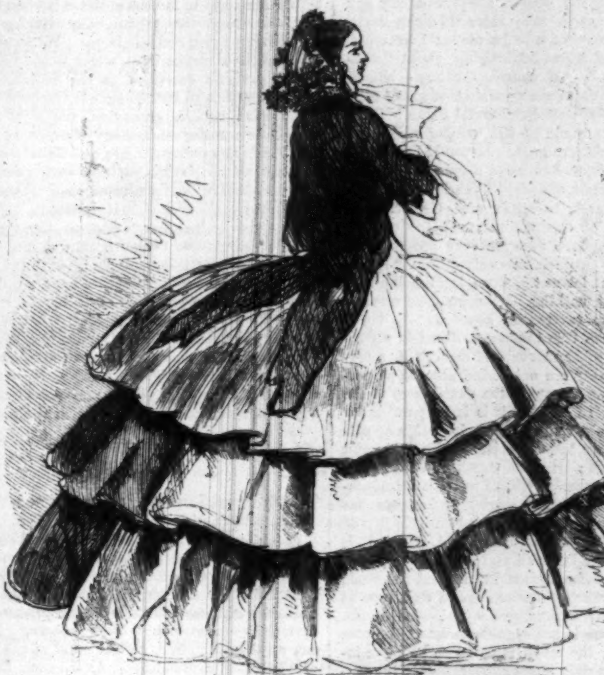
IV.

Well, the panic at last is over,
And, as far as I can discover,
We are neither richer, nor poorer.
It left us just where it found us,
With our money troubles around us,
And a lesson yet to be learned—the two words "*Slower* and *Surer!*"
We live for the meanest, pettiest ends,
For the fruit of all our labors
Is not to enrich ourselves, or friends,
But just to outshine our neighbors!
Our brown stone houses and marble stores,
Coaches, and liveried riders,
Pictures, plate, and cellars of wine,
Jewels and dresses, are all very fine,
To dazzle the poor outsiders!
But the day of settlement 's sure to come,
And to sow ill is certain to reap ill.
The real wealth of this land of ours
Is not its gold, but its people!
The farmer that tills the teeming soil,
The horny-handed mechanic—
While these remain the country is sound,
However severe the Panic!



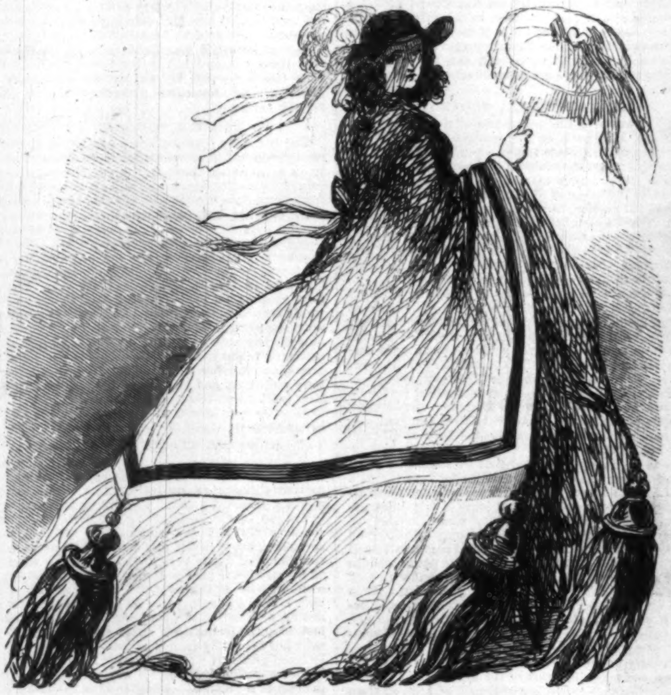
THERE WERE HURRYING FEET IN EVERY STREET—

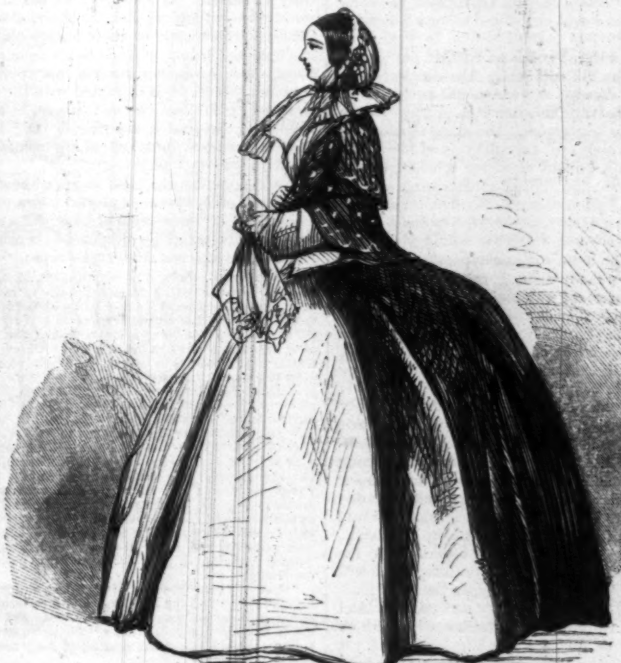

PATTERN FOR THE HARD TIMES—CARPET REMNANT STYLE.

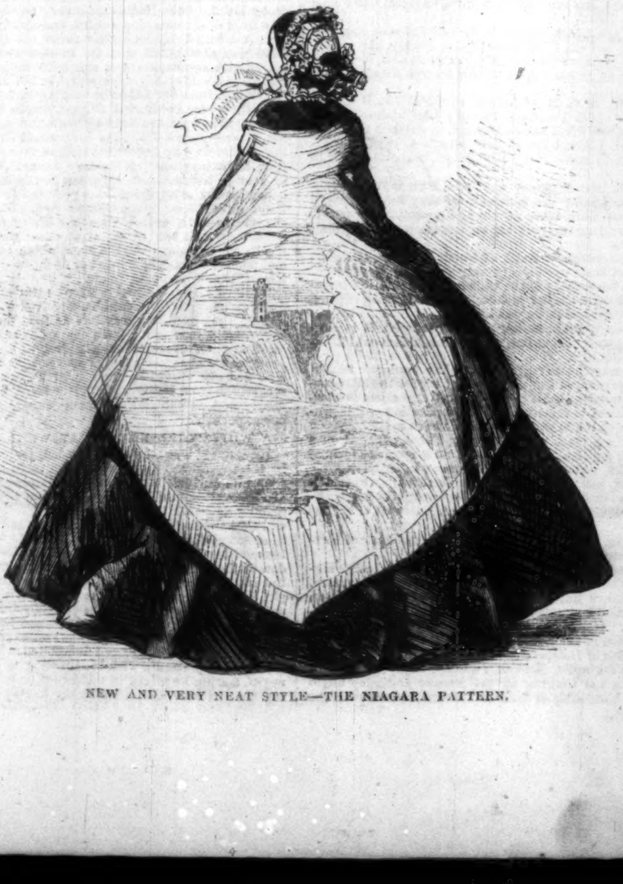

ANOTHER DITTO—THE SWALLOW-TAIL PATTERN.

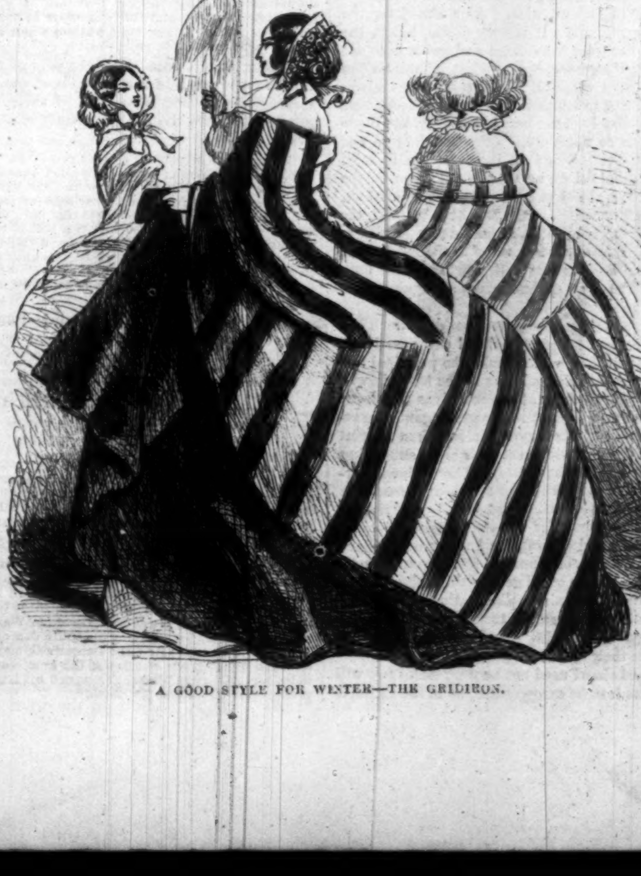
SHAWLS.

THE use, beauty, and value of the shawl as an article of costume, almost universal in its adaptability, will not, we presume, be called in question by any one. Within the past year or two shawls, which had ceased to reign supreme in the world of fashion, seem once more to have resumed their sway. We have various kinds of shawls. There are long shawls, and square shawls, and scarf shawls, and rounded shawls, all differing in form and character; while, of late, they have been manufactured of several new materials, and at all rates of prices, in order to supply the great demand for this useful garment in every class of society. We are well aware that the Cashmere shawl is not only the earliest kind of which we have any account, but that it has also continued to be the best; spite of the advantages of machinery possessed by Europeans, and the great desire among shawl manufacturers to imitate these beautiful productions of the Indian loom. In the East, shawls are as much a requisite of masculine attire as an ornament of the feminine toilet; and the sums spent upon them, even in the country of their production, are almost fabulous. In the valley of Cashmere itself, the finer kinds, of small size, cost from $150 to $800; while the larger sorts can not be purchased under $300, and from that sum to $1000, which is a very frequent price for a good shawl. Remember, these are the prices in their very birth-place; add to them the cost of importation, duty, etc., and it will be easily comprehended how a Cashmere shawl sold "down town" for four or five-hundred dollars turns out "nothing remarkable after all!" A good French imitation, of full size, is not to be had for less than two or three hundred dollars; very beautiful, of course, but "only imitation!" No, there is a peculiarity in the real Cashmere shawl, which, notwithstanding its great cost, will always re-


VERY RÉCHERCHÉ STYLE—À LA BELL-ROPE.


ANOTHER—À LA MOUCHOIR DE POCHE.


NEW AND VERY NEAT STYLE—THE NIAGARA PATTERN.


A GOOD STYLE FOR WINTER—THE GRIDIRON.

tain its value in the eyes of those who can pay for it (and of a good many more who can not!). But there is one remark to be made: I hear persons talking, and stores advertising, about "camel's-hair shawls." Of course, Cashmere shawls are implied, for there are no shawls made of camel's hair of the slightest commercial value. Cashmere shawls are made of the hair, or rather the wool, of the Cashmere goat. It would be as well to remember this, and to cease discussing the value of "camel's-hair shawls," a fabric that has no existence whatever, to speak of. Camels have nothing to do with Cashmere shawls.

In our hemisphere, men are very apt to smile at the feminine enthusiasm excited by a "lovely Cashmere;" but let us tell them, in all politeness, that they know nothing of the subject, or they would feel more reverential about it. In every point of view the true Cashmere shawl is perfection itself; all other marvels of modern perseverance and ingenuity are only admirable, in proportion as they approximate to the excellences of the Indian shawl. In texture it is incomparable for softness, lightness, and warmth; in design or pattern it has never been equaled for its grace and richness of effect; while in depth of color, some peculiar shades especially have never been matched elsewhere. The Indian scarlet, for instance, has a special brilliancy of its own, and an intensity of tone, not glaring, though very vivid, which it is difficult to believe in, until you see it side by side with the best productions of France and England; and yet, the French imitations are so well done as to deceive many experienced eyes!—and hands, for the eye alone is not a guide to detect the true from the false; the touch is found to be more infallible, while certain secret appearances in the construction of the border are the principal tests of examination among the initiated, when they wish to ascertain the exact merits of a veritable Cashmere.

French women, who understand better than any women in the world the science and mysteries of costume, have always given due honor to Eastern shawls; and at the present day the crowning glory of a Parisian bride's outfit is generally an exquisite "Cashmere," which cherished possession no young girl in France would be suffered to wear before her marriage.

To put on a shawl well is no easy art, but to *wear* it well is more difficult still. The simple fact is, that while a shawl is on your shoulders it requires your undivided care and attention. A pin or brooch of any kind is destruction. The shawl should hang loosely, carelessly, yet gracefully; and to manage its many folds, without appearing to manage them at all, is a great and difficult achievement. As the French say, *Il faut etre occupé de son châle*; and this constant claim upon your thoughts makes a shawl a very troublesome garment for walking. In driving, where the wearer is in comparative repose, a shawl is more easily under government. This necessity for incessant watchfulness—at the risk, if you are negligent, of its falling into most undesirable lines—has, no doubt, been the chief cause of the great popularity of mantillas, cloaks, capes, etc., with all that numerous class of out-door wraps, which, being made to fit the form, keep in their places when once on, without further anxiety to the fair wearer, and have thus tended, by their convenience, to drive shawls somewhat out of fashion. But of late they have been rapidly regaining their lost ground, and are now, as we know to our cost, as fashionable and as troublesome as ever. For a shawl to fall well, it is essential that it should set in ample folds round the shoulders (or throat, if you like). Now, it is equally essential that the material should be of a certain texture, which will form these folds without any appearance of clumsiness, or without feeling heavy and bulky. And here we find the charm of the Cashmere wool, which will bear to be folded again and again, and yet never feel heavier than air upon you, while at the same time it indicates the outline beneath just enough to be attractive and graceful. No shawl, therefore, can be becoming unless its texture permits of its forming numerous soft folds; but then, on the other hand, it should not cling too much, as shawls made of silk are very apt to do.

Of late years the China crape shawl has been a decided favorite, but this is precisely its great defect. It defines the figure too sharply, while its folds are hard and angular. As a shawl for the house or concert-room it is very useful, but in the street it is far from becoming; and yet it does not require the "memory of the oldest inhabitant" to recall the days when all New York seemed given over to women in white Canton crape shawls, that clung maliciously to our hoopless figures, and made us look like so many ghosts promenading in our winding-sheets. What an ugly fashion it was! And how thankful we must have felt when, in the course of time, the shawls became no longer white, and the thrifty souls among us sent them off to the dyers, and received back something in scarlet or crimson! It really was a relief to the public eye, after such a leprous-like affliction; and it is only to be hoped such an epidemic may not again attack this generation.

China crape shawls have another defect. They are square; and no square shawl can ever be as picturesque as those which make the principal line fall from one shoulder only, as in the long shawls, where the broad border at the end gives the shawl and its wearer a distinct and more elegant character. Nothing can be more graceless than a point behind, in the very middle of one's hoop, straggling more or less out of the centre, and borne down, perhaps, with a heavy fringe or tassel, as witness the young lady above. Unfortunately, square shawls have been very popular of late (probably because we can not afford others), for I never will believe that any woman of common sense would buy a square shawl if she could get any thing else. Formal, stiff, and very unlady-like, in Europe one looks upon them as only suited to "the lower orders." May their reign speedily cease, and something better rule in their stead!

A striped shawl need not be ungraceful (we will not require it to be exaggerated, as in the example here given), but in moderate size it is often becoming, as witness the Albanian or Grecian shawl which is very rich and handsome. We have many other kinds to choose from, which would fill a volume if properly described, as the Scotch, or Tartan, the Stella and Broché shawls, the gold-bordered shawls; barège, grenadine, and light woolen shawls for summer wear, many of which, of French and Paisley manufacture, are excellent in quality, and imitate the Indian patterns with good effect. These kinds are chiefly printed, and, of course, are within the reach of moderate purses.

Like every other article of dress, the choice of a shawl requires care. What is more absurd than to see a little woman borne down beneath the weight of an immense shawl, except, perhaps, a tall, gaunt creature endeavoring to encircle her form in one about the size of a handkerchief! Let us choose our shawls with judgment, for beauty, of course, but likewise for wear; and not be reduced to disfigure ourselves with jackets and coats, or to wrap ourselves in any old rag that may be at hand. As a general rule, the best shawls wear the best.

LITERARY.

THE GREYSON LETTERS: Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. *Edited by Henry Rogers*, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A rare and a very great book. Mr. Rogers could indeed produce nothing less, for the anonymous character of these letters is not so preserved but that their authorship is well known. No one can mistake the clear, logical mind of the author of "The Eclipse of Faith." At the same time this is a unique book. In the form of letters to friends of all classes and kinds, the author discusses many of the most abstruse problems of ethics, cracks many a capital joke, tells a great number of good stories, criticises the follies of the world, teaches lessons, and withal—now and then—brings tears into your eyes at some rare touch of pathos. Seldom, if ever, has there been a man of such versatility of talent. As a logician he has already a world-wide reputation, and the short, concise arguments which some of these letters contain on much mooted points, will add to his fame as a reasoner. Joining to this power a rare appreciation of humor, his reader is entranced with the new interest which subjects assume that have before been considered threadbare and stupid. Old lines of thought have new light, and old arguments sparkle and flash from this magic pen.

We can not lay the book down without citing one or two of its numerous playful passages.

Speaking of a new style of book, for which the Germans are especially celebrated, in which the references overpower the text, he says:

> "As to reading them, it is out of the question. What can your progress (every clause cut in two by references) be compared to except bump—bump—bumping, in a rough cart, over the frozen furrows of a plowed field? What mortal patience is equal to the task of reading page after page constructed on the model of such sentences as this, if I may venture to imitate the inimitable:
>
> "'It is surely a mystery (*Jamblich. de Mysteriis: Gr. et Lat. Ed. Th. Gale. Oxon.* 1678 *passim*) that you should give to a friend (*Plat. Phileb.*, 13 *c.*; *Theætet* 143 *B.*, *Ed. G. Stallbaum*; *Aristot. Ethic. Nicom.*, lib. viii, cap. 1-13, *Ed. Im. Bekker*), or, indeed, even to an acquaintance (*Cic. de Amicitia*, pp. 1-49, *Ed. Joh. Guldenschaff*; *Theophrast. frag. περὶ φιλίας*), a book that is incomprehensible *ἀκατάληπτον. vide Philonis de Somn.* Pp. 360-369; *Procli in Theol. Plat.*, lib. v. *passim*), even in its elements (*στοιχεῖα*), the perusal of which (*vide Facciolati in voc. perlegere*;) must involve pure waste of time (*Kettwig, de usu Temp.*, vol. x. fol., p. 1-1098, *Test. Vet. et Nov. passim*), and make us angry (*vide Schelhorn in Amœn. Litt.*, tom ii. pp. 1-532) rather than pleased with the lender.'
>
> "Pray, my dear friend, study this last sentence, carefully looking up all the references and ascertaining their relevance; and remember in your next loan of books that life is but *short*, and that as, of the writing of *many* books, so sometimes of the reading of *one*, 'there is no end.'"

Very near to this we find the following imagination of the results that would ensue if all the world wrote and read short-hand:

> "What an economy of time, patience, paper, and ink the revolution would effect! Methinks I see the results. What sweet little *billet doux*, which no dove need be employed to carry, but which might be wafted on the wing of a butterfly! What delicious little note-paper should we see—160mo, and envelopes the size of a peas-cod! Farewell all lumbering books and huge collections; we should literally have 'pocket libraries;' a gentleman might carry half the plays of Shakspeare in one pocket, and all of Milton in the other, while a whole Bodleian almost would go into the great-coat!"

Passing rapidly from this light vein of writing, he goes on to speak in similar style of the electric telegraph; and then comes one of those delicate passages that are the life and beauty of these letters:

> "I long for an occasional peep at you by an 'Electric Telegraph Trip-Train;' and, above all, I want the Electric Telegraph itself to the other world, and have a message now and then from those dear ones we have loved and lost. Oh what a luxury would *that* be! But it can not be. I can talk to you on the other side of the equator, but from that dread land of silence, divided only by the 'narrow stream of death,' on the frontiers of which we ever stand, and into which we may any moment glide, we can hear no tidings and can send none thither. You see the old wound rankles."

We close the book with an earnest commendation of it to all sorts of readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

ON 15th October a protest was signed by several prominent citizens of Kansas, alleging that the returns from Oxford precinct (in which the Democrats had a large majority) were fraudulent and ought not to be received. On receipt of the protest Governor Walker and Secretary Stanton repaired in person to Oxford, and instituted a thorough inquiry into the facts. They discovered that the number of votes cast far exceeded the number of inhabitants, and that various informalities in the form and method of conducting the polling ought to invalidate the return. Accordingly on 20th, Governor Walker published a proclamation rejecting the entire vote of Oxford. As this vote was the only large Democratic majority, its rejection involved the election of the Free State candidates, and Governor Walker announced his intention of giving them certificates forthwith.

The proclamation created intense excitement among the Pro-slavery men, and threats were freely uttered against the Governor and his Secretary. A rumor prevailed on Saturday to the effect that Governor Walker had been driven out of Lecompton; but this is generally disbelieved. No doubt exists, however, on the feeling of the Pro-slavery party of Kansas; a meeting at Lecompton denounced the Governor's conduct as high-handed, illegal, and a usurpation of power only residing in the Legislature.

The excitement at Washington has scarcely been less. It is stated that, previous to the election, Governor Walker had received specific instructions from the President, directing him not to purge the poll (as he did in the case of Oxford), but to leave that duty to the Legislature, to which body it legitimately belonged. Having disregarded these instructions it is presumed that Governor Walker will be sharply reprimanded by the Administration.

His conduct is generally approved by the public press and the people.

At Governor Walker's request, a portion of the army will be retained all winter in Kansas.

WARLIKE ATTITUDE OF THE MORMONS.

Captain Van Vliet, Quarter-master of the Utah Expedition, has just returned from Utah, and reports that Brigham Young and his followers are prepared to resist the United States forces to the last of their strength; and in the event of their discomfiture, to destroy every tree and house in Utah, and seek another home elsewhere. Captain Van Vliet was unable to purchase supplies in Utah. Elder Heber Kimball made a speech, on August 30th, expressive of similar sentiments; and some remarks of Brigham Young, in the same strain, are to be found in the Mormon papers. No one believes that these threats are any thing but braggadocio. The United States troops are to winter 130 miles from Salt Lake, at Fort Bridger.

DISENTANGLEMENT OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.

It is understood that Sir William Gore Ouseley, of England, has been appointed British Commissioner to Central America, with a view of settling all the pending disputes between the United States and Great Britain in that region. Sir William married an American lady, and is notorious for his friendly feeling to this country. His appointment is regarded as an earnest of a sincere desire on the part of England to settle all matters fairly. Yrissari has not been recognized, and may not be. Walker's operations are *in statu quo*, the revulsion having nipped his hopes in the bud.

THE ADMINISTRATION ON THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

It is not true that the administration designs to suspend any public works in consequence of the revulsion. On the contrary, all works now in progress will be prosecuted as vigorously as possible as long as the weather will permit; and Secretary Brown has offered $250,000 for a suitable site for a post-office, in this city, and will employ two hundred men to build it as soon as he finds one. The Secretary of the Treasury apprehends no necessity for a loan. Nothing reliable can yet be said of his intentions as regards recommendations in respect to the tariff.

TROUBLES IN BALTIMORE.

In apprehension of the occurrence of riots in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, on the occasion of the election, the Governor of that State issued a proclamation on the 29th October, which amounted to a declaration that Baltimore was placed under martial law. Governor Ligon ordered some 7000 men of the Maryland militia to enroll themselves for service, in order to preserve the peace of the city. The Mayor of Baltimore resented this proceeding, and addressed a severe letter to the Governor denying his authority to take the measures he had pursued; and to this the Governor replied in terms of equal acerbity. Among other things, Governor Ligon says:

> "Is not the city filled with clubs of lawless and violent partisans, whose very appellatives brandish defiance at order, and make the peaceable prefer to surrender their rights rather than claim them at the risk of life? Sir, is there no law and no authority somewhere to curb one class and shield the other? If the ordinary civil power of the city is insufficient, what is the inevitable deduction? Is it not better that you should admit its inadequacy, and be cordially grateful that the Constitution has supplied other powers, and permitted, for your aid, that Executive to interfere who has not been at all complicated in past animosities?
>
> "It is to be deeply regretted that we should be at all separated in the performance of duties for insuring to a citizen his legal rights, which violence has thus far overawed, and that you decline to 'recognize any joint administration of the affairs of this city' when I tender you Executive co-operation. This fearful responsibility you have taken. I believe that a just-minded community will severely censure this false independence as not consistent with our relative official positions, or consonant with that spirit of union which should unite all good men against the bad and lawless. But, however this may be, I announce to you respectfully, that I shall, nevertheless, see that the laws are 'faithfully executed' by every Constitutional power."

The feeling in the city of Baltimore is adverse to the Governor, and several officers of the militia have refused to serve. Governor Ligon has at length withdrawn from his position.

PERSONAL.

The President's first diplomatic dinner went off well. Besides all the members of the diplomatic corps, Senators Gwin and Bright, with their wives, were present. Collector Schell, of New York, was one of the party.

Sir Allan Napier M'Nab, for the past thirty years one of the most prominent men in Canada, has retired from public life on account of ill health. He is about sixty years of age, has been Speaker of Parliament, and Prime Minister.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines is in New Orleans, superintending in person, with indefatigable energy, the collection of important evidence in her famous case, for a trial now pending in the United States District Court at New Orleans.

The Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, editor of *The Washington Union* under President Pierce's Administration, has been elected United States Senator, to succeed the Hon. John Bell, whose term expires March 4, 1859. An attempt will be made in the Legislature to instruct Bell to resign.

Ex-Governor Seymour and Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Gardiner, decline the nominations they have received for the New York State Senate and Assembly respectively. Both allege their private business as preventing their acceptance.

Hon. Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, is lecturing in that State upon the "Study of Nature."

One of the victims of the Chicago fire had a life insurance of $3000 in the Massachusetts Mutual, which expired only two days before he was killed.

Professor William B. Rogers, the geologist, is in Norwich, England, recovering from the accident which recently befell him.

The Commissioner of Patents has tendered to Mr. Robert Fortune, of England, the agency for the introduction and cultivation of the Tea plant and other productions of China in this country. The selection of this gentleman is owing to his experience in such matters.

A young English printer, Henry Floyd, engaged on a Savannah paper, has gone to England to receive a fortune of $300,000, which has fallen to him by inheritance.

Godfrey, one of Dr. Kane's men, arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of bigamy, has been acquitted.

Gerrit Smith is in this city, dangerously ill of typhus fever.

The Hon. Frederick Stanton, Secretary of State of Kansas, has arrived in Washington.

The Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, arrived at Springfield on Tuesday upon a visit of inspection to the armory.

Mrs. James Rush, of Philadelphia, died at Saratoga last week. She was one of the leaders of society in Philadelphia. Her father was Dr. Ridgway, her husband Dr. Rush, a son of Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The Washington *Star*, of Tuesday, says: "President Buchanan was walking on the Avenue yesterday afternoon, as blustering as the weather was, without even the protection of an overcoat. We never saw him look in better health, or move with more elasticity of step.

A Washington correspondent thus describes the British Minister:

> "Lord Napier is about in the meridian of life, near six feet high, well-proportioned, with a heavy suit of black hair slightly mixed with gray—and with an eye as piercing as the eagle's. His face is highly intellectual, and alternately thoughtful or lively, with a smile pleasant and winning, though seasoned with the quizzical, evincing a decided relish for a good joke. Though comparatively young, Lord Napier has resided near several of the European courts, and established a reputation as a statesman and diplomatist equaled by few men of the present age. He is destined to become the most popular representative Her Majesty's government has had near the United States since the days of the lamented Fox.
>
> "But the great popularity of the new Minister will not rest solely upon his own shoulders, but will be supported in no small degree by his accomplished and amiable partner—Lady Napier—who seems to understand and appreciate American character; for already she is the idol of a large circle of friends here, as she was the pride of those at home. Youthful and pretty Lady Napier undoubtedly is, but the greatest attraction is her good common sense. She reasons on all subjects; and her conclusions are as correct as her premises are sound. There is nothing light or trifling in her manner or conversation, and at the same time she is perfectly free from that *hauteur* so often met with in ladies in her social position. A religious sentiment seems to pervade and run through her whole being; and she is evidently destined to be the particular star in our Washington society, whoever else may enter the circle."

Mr. William Page of this city, one of the most eminent painters of America, was married in Rome on the 8th inst., to Mrs. Sophia Hitchcock, a daughter of Henry Stevens of Barnet, Vermont, and sister of Simon Stevens, a prominent lawyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Mr. Page intends, in the coming spring, in company with his wife, to take the tour of Egypt, and then to revisit his native country, where he will deliver a course of six or eight lectures on art and the early artists, a subject which he has long and profoundly studied. He has also, we are told, prepared a work on "Coloring," which will receive a wide welcome.

A nice point of law is in argument in the Courts of Beaver County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Sterling, a wealthy banker, lived unhappily with his wife, and they finally agreed to disagree and live separately. They have lived in the same town, he paying her expenses in a separate establishment. During the temporary absence of the ex-husband, however, the brother of the woman made affidavit that he had deserted her, and that she was likely to become a charge upon the county, whereupon the authorities proceeded to take possession of Mr. Sterling's banking office and effects. He returned while the process was going on, and some broken limbs were the consequence of the little fight that ensued. Legal proceedings are now had to test Mr. Sterling's right to protect his property.

We are informed, on reliable authority at Washington, that there was no truth in the rumor that Sir William Gore Ouseley would be sent to this country as Special Minister. It is to Central America that that gentleman is to be accredited.

TWO ROBBERS POISONED BY A LADY.

The Southern papers give an account of the following occurrence, which is reported to have taken place recently at Attapulgus, Georgia. A gentleman, who had received a considerable sum of money, was compelled to go from home, leaving his wife alone in the house—situated some distance from any other dwelling. Toward evening two negroes entered the house, and demanded of the lady the money, or they would take her life. Being a woman of great coolness, she saw at once that it would be useless for her to attempt to evade the demand, so she produced the money and gave it to them. The negroes then remarked that, as supper was nearly ready, they would stay and eat with her. She told them to be seated until she got it ready. The woman had a vial of strychnine in her cupboard, and, in sweetening their coffee, managed to put a dose of the poison in their cups. They drank, and in a few moments were dead. The neighbors were called in, and the negroes discovered to be white men in disguise—near neighbors and friends of her husband, who had known of his receiving the money, and of his absence.

HOW THE LADIES DRESS IN KANSAS.

A Kansas letter-writer, who recently came down the Missouri on the steamer *Omaha*, says: "At Atchison we took on a young Kansas belle, whose only attendant was a young Missouri blood. The young lady was apparently dressed in the latest agony and style of fashion; the chaste straw hat, the innumerable flounces and wide-spreading hoops of her gay striped silk dress, set off her commanding figure very gracefully. Her stature tall—as Byron says, I hate a dumpy woman. But the richest scene in relation to this young belle was behind the curtain, and is to come yet. At Leavenworth our fair one left us, and, as she was standing on the bank, 'casting a last, long, lingering look' back, we were tempted to admire her delicately-turned ankles—'who can resist a nicely laced gaiter or a peeping ankle?'—when, behold! she hadn't any stockings on! I am unable to say what the fashion is in Kansas—whether it is fashionable for ladies to go without hose or not; but certain I am that the finest dressed one whom I saw in the territory didn't use the article."

A WOMAN SCALPED ON THE PLAINS.

A Red Bluff paper tells the following thrilling story: "An instance of the most remarkable fortitude and heart-rending cruelty we ever heard of, is related to us by a black man by the name of Scott, who has recently arrived here from Missouri, by the way of the Plains. He informs us that, a short time before he arrived at Stony Point, on the Humboldt River, the Indians attacked a train of six men, one woman, and a child. The men were all killed but one, who made his escape. The child was also killed, and its mother shot in several places with arrows, scalped, and left for dead.

"All the while they were scalping her and stripping the clothes from her body she was perfectly conscious of what they were doing, but feigned death, and let them tear the skin from her head without even giving signs of life, knowing that if she did they would either dispatch her at once or take her into hopeless captivity. At one time, when they had left her for a moment, she ventured to change her position, in order, if possible, to relieve herself from the uncomfortable posture in which she was lying, but on their return they very soon discovered that she had moved; and, for fear that life might not be extinct, they took hold of the arrows that were still sticking in her body, and worked them about in the wounds, and pushed them deeper into her flesh, and stamped upon her with their heels.

"All this she endured without uttering a groan, or drawing a breath that could be perceived by the savages, and in that condition was left as food for the wolves. Fortunately, however, a train came along before she had lain long in that condition, and dressed her wounds and brought her along with them; and not the least remarkable fact attending the whole matter is, that she is fast recovering from her wounds. Her head, we are told, is nearly well, and the arrow-wounds doing better than any one expected."

A WHITE GIRL RUNS AWAY WITH A NEGRO.

Excitement was created at London, Ohio, on Tuesday by the appearance there of a well-dressed negro, having with him a genteel appearing, but simple-acting and evidently weak-minded white girl. From the facts subsequently gathered it seems that both resided at Morrow, and that the negro had induced the girl to run away with him, and she had left her father's home to follow the fortunes of her ebony admirer. The couple arrived at London on the evening train, and rode up in an omnibus to the hotel, but on arriving there, the landlord took the girl into the house, but refused to permit the negro to stay, and therefore turned him out. By this time a considerable crowd had gathered about, and the negro, fearing personal violence, took himself off to another part of the town. The girl seemed infatuated with her negro lover and expressed a wish to still cling to him; but the negro, fearing he might be mobbed if he persisted in taking the girl with him, advised her to stay at the hotel, which she did through the night. The pair had not yet been married, but it was their intention to call in the aid of a Justice at London, when "the consummation so devoutly to be wished" was interfered with by the people of the town. The girl was to be sent back to her friends. She is represented as comely in appearance, genteelly dressed, and though not intelligent, exhibited fair qualities of mind, yet not of the strongest character. How she should have become infatuated with a stout, athletic negro with nothing particularly to recommend him, is a mystery. Returning reason will probably clip the wings of romance, and she will see the folly of so *dark* an elopement.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE MISSIONARIES ON INDIA.

While the public in many quarters are accusing the missionaries of having been the cause of the Indian rebellion, the Church Missionary Society have issued a circular upon the influence the rebellion of the Bengal army will have upon missionary operations, and "its results upon the future relations of India with the Christianity of this country:" regarding the rebellion as a judgment of Providence upon Great Britain for its discouragement of the Christian conversion of the natives of India, the Society recognizing "a double obligation to evangelize the land" if it is given to us, and recommend that the government of India for the future should relinquish its neutrality, and openly "honor God by avowing itself a Christian government, not neutral or indifferent to the religion of its subjects;" this avowal to be accompanied with "the widest possible proclamation" that "no compulsion will be used, or bribe given." The Society further recommend that all forms of religion be tolerated and guaranteed so long as they are neither immoral in their practice nor anti-social in their customs; that government education be religious, not secular; that a vernacular, moral, and Christian literature be provided for the natives; and that a new and enlarged effort be made to send forth missionaries to India.

At the conclusion of the report, the Society appeal to the public for $150,000, to make up their alleged losses.

PRINCE ALBERT AT OSBORNE.

The following paragraph is going the rounds:

"The Prince dined with the Mayor of Manchester, at his private house, where he met a select party. His royal highness was particularly affable and amusing, and told several anecdotes. Among others was the following: While in Osborne, he was in the habit of getting up very early, and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house, he stopped to make some inquiries; knocked at the door, and asked the servant if his master were in? The servant replied, 'He is in, Sir, but not down stairs.' 'Oh, very well,' was Prince Albert's reply, and he was about to leave. 'Would you be kind enough to leave your name, Sir?' said the servant. 'Oh, it does not matter,' said the Prince. 'Because,' said the servant, 'my master would be angry with me if I did not tell him who called.' 'Very well,' said the other, 'you may say Prince Albert.' Upon which the man drew back, looked up significantly, put his thumbs to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed, '*Walker!*'"

MR. SPURGEON ON BONNETS.

Some conscientious Christians lately advised Mr. Spurgeon to preach on the absurdity, not to say immorality, of the present fashion of bonnets. The famous preacher noted the remark, and next Sabbath, at an appropriate part of the service, he paused as he stood up on the platform, looked round him, and said, "I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the day; but—upon my word—I don't see any."

APPALLING MURDER IN LONDON.

On Friday, 9th October, in the gray of the early morning, some lads rowing up the Thames observed a bundle resting on one of the abutments of Waterloo-bridge. It proved to be a carpet-bag, locked and corded, with a considerable portion of the cord hanging down into the water. The boys carried off what they believed to be a prize; but when the bag was opened it was found to contain the mutilated fragments of a human body. Twenty pieces of what had recently been a living creature were exposed to view with every incident of horror. Limbs had been sawn into bits, flesh had been hacked from the bones, the trunk had been disemboweled, and the head was wanting. So complete had been the comminution of the corpse, and the obliteration of all the external features of humanity, that it was only by indirect conclusions that even the sex could be established.

The bag contained, besides these portions of the body, a complete suit of apparel, coat, surtout, waistcoat, trowsers, drawers, socks, shirt, and under-shirt, the hat and shoes alone being not forthcoming. No mark or other means of identification could be discovered on any of these articles; but they were pierced in various places, as if with a sharp knife or dagger, and they had all been ripped up the back—the overcoat as well as the rest—apparently while on the person. The front parts of the dress, too, especially were found saturated with blood. The fragments of the body itself seemed at first to promise little testimony, but under a scientific scrutiny they yielded enough to establish the first certainty of crime. A portion of the chest showed a distinct stab or hole, corresponding precisely in position and direction with one of the cuts found in the clothes, and it was proved by the evidence of the divisional surgeon of police that this wound must of necessity have been inflicted during life.

THE THEORY OF THE MURDER.

Such are the features, as at present discernible, of this most horrifying case. By the aid of a little latitude of interpretation and conjecture an approximation has been made to the supposed particulars of the crime. That the deceased was murdered with all his clothes on, including his overcoat, appears plain, and it is supposed, from the saturation of all the front portions of his apparel with blood, that he lay dead on his face. In this position—the position immediately resulting from the murder—it is conceived that the body stiffened, and that it was found necessary to rip the clothes all up the back before they could be removed from the rigid limbs. To prevent the decomposition of the corpse pending the further proceedings, recourse would be had to the process of salting; and at length, when the work of mutilation had been completed, it was attempted to dispose of the remains by dropping them into the river at the end of a rope, so as to avoid a splash. Such is the manner in which the outlines supplied by direct testimony have been filled up by inference or surmise.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.

It happened that the toll-keeper on duty at Waterloo Bridge on Thursday evening, 8th of October, took especial notice of a woman, or a person in woman's apparel, who had passed on to the bridge from the Strand side with a carpet-bag in her hand. This bag he assisted her to lift over the toll-stile, and observed its pattern so particularly as to be able to identify the article, to the best of his belief, with that in which the remains were found. He remarked that the woman appeared agitated, and so much in a hurry that he imagined she was hastening to catch a train at the Waterloo Station. Her voice was decidedly masculine, but she seemed only about five feet three inches in height. To the best of his remembrance she did not come off the bridge again. She passed about half past eleven.

AMOUNT OF CRIME IN LONDON.

No sooner was it known in London that a body had been discovered, admitting possibly of some identification, than application was made by a succession of persons—eight or nine in number—each of whom within the last month had lost sight of some relative or friend for whose disappearance no reason could be assigned.

FRANCE.

SUPERANNUATED MEDALISTS.

On the days appointed for the distribution of the St. Helena Medal, the offices of the Chancellery of the Legion of Honor are crowded with applicants, and some rather singular scenes take place. The other day an old woman on a crutch came in and asked whether her papers had been examined, and whether her claim to the medal had been admitted. The people present were somewhat astonished; but soon after a clerk came forward, and, taking her arm, led her to a seat, and then in a loud voice said: "Thérese Figueur, *alias* Sans-Gene, born in 1774, at Talmy (Cote d'Or), entered the 15th Dragoons on the 7th October, 1791, and retired under the Empire in consequence of wounds, you have the medal." At these words the old woman rose and shouldered her crutch. The medal was attached to her breast, and she marched out of the office with a hearty cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" M. Myon, an old dancer at the opera, now aged 80, and who has been at Bicetre for more than 25 years, but still retains much of the liveliness of his younger days, was another candidate on the same occasion. On his name being called, he replied, "Here I am, at your service and that of the company present. Such as you see me, I am an old artiste of the opera. I knew the great Vestris." "Very likely," said the clerk; "but it is a long time since you have given over dancing." "Excuse me, Sir," said M. Myon; and, without waiting for any further reply, he cleared a place and began moving about with such vigor that it was some time before the people in the office could stop his evolutions. He had served in the armies of the Republic and the Empire, and received the medal.

A CONJUROR IN GOVERNMENT EMPLOY.

It is not generally known that Robert Houdin, the great French conjuror, was sent to Algeria by the French government on a mission connected with the black art—probably the first time that a conjuror has been called upon to exercise his profession in government employ. Some details of his expedition have just been published. Its object was to destroy the influence exercised among the Arab tribes by the marabouts, an influence often mischievously applied. By a few clumsy tricks and impostures these marabouts pass themselves off as sorcerers; no one, it was justly thought, was better able to eclipse their skill and discredit their science than the man of inexhaustible bottles. One of the great pretensions of the marabout was invulnerability. At the moment a loaded musket was pointed at him, and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabalistic words and the weapon did not go off. Houdin detected the trick, and showed that the touchhole was plugged. The Arab wizard was furious and abused his French rival. "You may revenge yourself," quietly replied Houdin; "take a pistol, load it yourself; here are bullets, put one in the barrel, but before doing so mark it with your knife." The Arab did as he was told. "You are quite certain now," said Houdin, "that the pistol is loaded and will go off. Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, notwithstanding that I authorize you?" "You are my enemy," coldly replied the Arab; "I will kill you." Without replying, Houdin stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and calmly gave the word to fire. The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, stuck on the point of the knife, the bullet the marabout had marked. The spectators remained mute from stupefaction; the marabout bowed before his superior; "Allah is great!" he said, "I am vanquished." Instead of the bottle from which, in Europe, Robert Houdin pours an endless stream of every description of wine and liquors, he called for an empty bowl, which he kept continually full of boiling coffee, but few of the Arabs would taste it, for they made sure that it came direct from the Devil's own coffee-pot. He then told them that it was in his power to deprive them of all strength, and to restore it to them at will, and he produced a small box, so light that a child could lift it with its finger; but it suddenly became so heavy that the strongest man present could not raise it, and the Arabs, who prize physical strength above every thing, looked with terror at the great magician, who, they doubted not, could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will. They expressed this belief; Houdin confirmed them in it, and promised that, on a day appointed, he would convert one of them into smoke. The day came, the throng was prodigious; a fanatical marabout had agreed to give himself up to the sorcerer. They made him stand on a table and covered him with a transparent gauze; then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the two ends, and the Arab disappeared in a cloud of smoke. The terror of the spectators was indescribable; they rushed out of the place, and ran a long distance before some of the boldest thought of returning to look after the marabout. They found him near the place where he had been evaporated; but he could tell them nothing, and was like a drunken man, ignorant of what had happened to him. Thenceforward Houdin was venerated and the marabouts were despised; the object of the French government was attained.

HOW LADIES GO UP STAIRS AT PARIS.

The great dry-goods store under the Hôtel du Louvre announces, in the editorial column of a journal, that an order has been issued in that store that hereafter the clerks who show ladies up stairs will invariably precede instead of follow them. You will ask why this singular announcement? Because many ladies—you may be sure they were Americans or English—complain that the clerks followed a few steps behind in order to enjoy certain advantages afforded by their hoops! The owners of the store were perfectly right in giving this lesson of politeness to their clerks; but it was an odd advertisement for a journal all the same!

PHYSIC ON THE STAGE.

A Paris correspondent writes: A friend told me a day or two ago a good anecdote of Philip Ricord, the distinguished surgeon of the Hospital du Midi. Ricord was sitting in one of the orchestra stalls at the Grand Opera—it is not often he gets time to go there—and all at once when the house was still, and in the midst of one of the songs of a principal barytone, he commenced cheering in the most approved style. Every body looked at Ricord, but did not understand. As the singer grew warm and commenced gesticulating with vehemence, Ricord's enthusiasm augmented, and other gentlemen at his side, feeling the infected, followed his example and applauded also. Ricord, turning around briskly, wanted to know what they were applauding for? "To tell you the truth, Sir," was the reply, "it was partly from your example." "But you don't know why I applauded?" replied Ricord. "I was applauding the marvelous effects of the Iodide of Potassium!" The singer was one of Ricord's patients, who had a stiff elbow joint, for which he had been taking for some time this remedy, and it was when Ricord saw the arm unbend itself in the gesticulations of the singer that he broke out into such enthusiasm. His neighbors remained silent for the rest of the evening.

JOURNALISTS AT THE GAMBLING SALONS.

A Paris letter writer says: "When a squadron of literary men and journalists arrived at Baden-Baden together, a few weeks since—Messrs. Villemepaut, Jules Lecompte, Auguste Villemont, Edmond About, Eugene Guinot, Edmond Texier, etc., etc.—M. Benazet invited all the representatives of the Press to meet him, and held to them words to the following effect: 'Gentlemen, you have come here, each of you, with five hundred, a thousand, two thousand francs. You are going to play, and very probably to lose, not being able to play high. Both you and I will be displeased at this result. Play, however, if you are still disposed to; and if you gain, so much the better; but if you lose, I shall give you back your money. I leave the subject to your deliberation.' The speech of M. Benazet may have had a certain effect; but I happened to see this same group of writers playing at M. Benazet's bank, M. Villemepaut, who is a lucky player, taking the lead."

PICTURES ON A TABLE-CLOTH.

An odd anecdote is told of Meissonier, the great French forest artist. He was lately dining at Brussels, and among the company was Baron de Kuyff, who recently exhibited some charming landscapes at the Palais d'Industrie. Smoking was the order of the day, and Meissonier, while lighting his cigar, took it into his head to make a sketch on the table-cloth with the burned end. The Baron kept lighting matches, and as soon as the end was carbonized, placed them close to the French painter, and by the time he had smoked his second cigar he had finished a charming sketch of an old *rentier*, beautifully executed. When the evening was over M. de Kuyff took the table-cloth, folded it up, and going down to the mistress of the establishment, said:—"Madame, be good enough to lock up this table-cloth with great care. To-morrow I will call for it and pay you the value of it." "But, Sir," was the answer, "I must at least get it washed." "Nothing of the sort," said the Baron. "I wish to have it just as it is, with all its spots and marks." The next day accordingly he came and took away the precious table-cloth, which he has since had framed in a curious style, with a double frame, the sketch being placed in the smaller one, and the rest of the linen carefully and tastefully arranged in the space between the frames. It is said that an amateur has already offered M. de Kuyff 5000 francs for it.

GERMANY.

WINE AT TWO MILLIONS A BOTTLE.

Wine at two millions of dollars a bottle is a drink that, in expense, would rival the luxurious taste of barbaric splendor, when costly pearls were thrown into the wine cup to give a rich flavor to its contents. The French *Courrier* speaks of a wine which graced the table of the King of Wurtemberg on a late occasion, which was deposited in the cellar at Bremen two centuries and a half ago. One large case of the wine, containing five hogsheads of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix-dollars in 1624. Including the expenses of keeping up the cellar, and of the contributions, interests of the amounts, and interests upon interests, a hogshead costs at the present time 555,657,640 rix-dollars, and, consequently, a bottle is worth 2,723,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,476 rix-dollars, or $272,380; or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars, or $272 dollars per drop. A burgomaster of Bremen is privileged to have one bottle whenever he entertains a distinguished guest who enjoys a German or European reputation. The fact illustrates the operation of interests, if it does not show the cost of luxury.

PRUSSIA.

PROBABLE DEATH OF THE KING.

The King of Prussia is seriously ill, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery. His Majesty, who was to have accompanied the Emperor of Russia in his journey to Stuttgardt, left Potsdam with him, accompanied by several Princes of the Royal family. During the journey from Potsdam to Berlin, the Emperor and two of the Princes, in order to pass the time, smoked, according to Russian custom, some very strong tobacco, the narcotic qualities of which appear to have produced a very great effect on the King. His Majesty fell asleep, and to the great astonishment of his traveling companions, did not awake when the train stopped at the station at Berlin. M. Schönlein, the first physician to the King, was immediately sent for, and he declared that his Majesty could not continue his journey. On being conveyed back to Potsdam the King remained for twenty-four hours in a heavy lethargic sleep. Bleeding was resorted to, but it produced but little effect. The Ministers were immediately summoned, and remained in close attendance.

INDIA.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

We have details of the news by the last mail. From Delhi they write:

"From Delhi we have no news of much importance, although the British troops have become bolder in their attacks upon the enemy, who have been defeated on every occasion. General Nicholson's column, consisting of her Majesty's 52d Light Infantry, a wing of her Majesty's 61st Foot, and several Sikh corps, arrived in the camp on the 11th of August. The auxiliary force furnished by the Sovereign of Cashmere, fully equipped, is also marching to join General Wilson's army, which will then be strong enough to act on the offensive. Lieutenant Hodson, with a small body of troops, had proved successful against the insurgents in the Rohtuck district, whom he dispersed, killing about eighty of them. General Nicholson, with about 2000 men and sixteen guns, marched on the 25th August in the direction of Nujuffghur to meet a body of the enemy moving on that place, who were evidently bent on intercepting the siege train by a flank march on Soneput. On the following day the rebels were defeated after a short encounter, in which they lost thirteen guns, besides their camp baggage. The loss in General Nicholson's brigade was seventeen killed and wounded, including Lieutenant Lumsden, of the 68th Native Infantry, who was killed. Lieutenant Gabbett, of her Majesty's 61st Foot, died of his wounds; and Lieutenant Elkington, 61st, and Dr. Ireland, were both dangerously wounded. On the same day the mutineers in the city, thinking that most of our troops had gone after their detachment, made an attack on the camp, but it produced no impression, and was repulsed with heavy loss. After their defeat at Nujuffghur the mutineers were much disheartened. Our troops were preparing for active operations on the arrival of the siege train, which was on its way to the camp, and were delighted at the prospect of doing something. At Hissar, which is in the province of Rohilcund, the rebels have likewise been defeated in their designs. A body of upward of 2000 men, horse and foot, attempted to surprise the gate of the town on the 19th of August; but Lieutenant Mildmay, Assistant Political Agent, who received a timely warning, met the assailants with some loyal troops, and totally routed and pursued them, after killing 300 of their number. Other affairs of minor importance have taken place, which will be found recorded elsewhere."

GENERAL HAVELOCK'S MOVEMENTS.

"General Havelock, who had recrossed the Ganges after his unsuccessful attempts to relieve Lucknow, rested for a few days at Cawnpoor, his troops having been much crippled by sickness. On the 16th the force marched toward Bithoor, where a large body of the enemy, about 4000 in number, with two guns, was posted. They occupied a strong defensive position in a village to the west of Bithoor, which they desperately defended. Havelock's force mustered 1300 men with 14 guns. The right wing was toward the Ganges, and the left on a deep nullah crossed by a bridge. After an obstinate engagement, in which the enemy lost 250 killed and wounded, they were driven from their position, and fled in confusion, leaving their guns behind. In this contest the British troops lost about 14 killed and 30 wounded, besides some of their baggage. After the action Havelock's force retired toward Cawnpoor, where they arrived on the 20th of August, after a harassing and fatiguing march, during which they suffered severe privations, which were patiently borne by our gallant soldiers. Cholera had made its appearance among the men, carrying off 10 or 12 daily, but the ravages of this epidemic had since begun to abate. General Outram arrived at Allahabad on the 1st of September, with her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers, the 90th, and a company of artillery. With this force he hoped to reach Cawnpoor on the 9th inst. The details of her Majesty's 64th, 78th, 84th, and 1st Madras Fusiliers would follow on the arrival of Captain Peel and his Naval Brigade at Allahabad. Sir James Outram had communicated his arrangements to General Havelock, who had in reply stated his perfect confidence in his being able to effect the relief of Lucknow with these reinforcements. General Outram had, with characteristic generosity, announced to General Havelock that "to him should be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which he had so nobly struggled," and it was his intention to accompany the force in his civil capacity, only placing his military services at the disposal of General Havelock, if necessary. General Havelock was to make arrangements for the force to move forward from Cawnpoor on the arrival of the reinforcements. The rebels have assembled on the Oude side of the river, opposite to the British camp, in great numbers, and have thrown up a battery."

THE BATTLE OF BITHOOR.

An officer gives a detailed account of the battle:

"Cawnpore, *August* 18.

"Our ninth action came off the day before yesterday, at Bithoor, when the enemy, principally Sepoys of the 34th, 42d, and 38th, Regiments—numbering between 3000 and 4000, with two guns—had taken up a position in front of Bithoor, or rather a village to the west of it. Their position was naturally one of the strongest that could be, but instead of making a defense in rear, they made it in front of the bridge. Our right was toward the Ganges, and our left near a deep nullah, to the left of which were houses and high ground. The space front was tolerably clear, and the enemy occupied some topes and gardens, and a village on their left. The road took a sudden turn to the left, where the enemy's guns were placed. The rebels opened their guns on us, and some of their cavalry and infantry circled round our left; we sent a few shots among them, and they bolted. Our force then deployed into line, and on getting within 600 yards, commenced to play on the topes occupied by the Pandies. A heavy fire was kept up by us for some time with our guns. The sharp crack of the musket and soft smooth sound of the Enfield rifle now began. On our men went, and drove the enemy out of the gardens, topes, and villages to the right. A few determined Jacks made a brave stand near the bridge, and others of them were bayoneted in the village. Our fellows were too tired to chase them, the day being very hot, and we had a march of about twelve miles. The most extraordinary thing is that the enemy did not defend the rising ground and houses on the south side of the ravine. They went right away and we after them as fast as the guns could go; much time of course was lost in crossing the bridge, and we saw little more of them. The road was lined with houses and gardens, surrounded with mud embankments."

HOW THE MUTINEERS AT ARRAH WERE PUNISHED.

A letter from Dinapoor of the 15th of August says:

"On the night of the 6th, at 12 o'clock, 200 men of our regiment marched *en route* to Arrah, the scene of the late disaster, to join a detachment of the 5th Fusiliers, and three guns, under Major Eyre. They remained at Arrah until the 14th, when they marched against the rebels, who were intrenched at a place called Jugdispore, fourteen miles from Arrah; they attacked them next morning, and gave them a tremendous hammering. Major Eyre could not restrain our fellows, who were burning to revenge their murdered comrades, and well did they do it. With butt and bayonet they rushed upon them, and Sepoy after Sepoy sunk beneath their blows. Several of our men have been specially mentioned in the dispatch for acts of distinguished heroism. I don't know how many of the enemy were killed, as we have not received full details. The loss on our side was nominal, one of the Fusiliers killed and five wounded: two of ours wounded, none killed; no officers touched. The station itself very quiet. We had a couple of executions this week; more waiting for the gallows. The 90th have passed on to Allahabad. I hope they may quickly reach Havelock's force."

TERRIBLE MURDERS BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

A letter from Dinapoor of the 10th August gives the following account of a lamentable occurrence which is to be the subject of official inquiry: "Last night about half-past 9 o'clock, a sad affair took place here. On the back of the North quarters square on the banks of the river, the Sepoys, about 100 in number, of the 40th Native Infantry, who did not go with their mutinous brethren, were encamped. Three shots were heard in that direction, when the whole station turned out; and many an anxious inquiry made, such as, Who has been killed? Where is the enemy? From which side are they coming? Ladies endeavoring to pile chests, chairs and boxes against doors, children squalling, men running with arms to and fro, volunteers equipped and ready parading the streets, soldiers turned out, officers busy in gleaning the news. In all this hubbub I happened to hear that some Sepoys were shot; made off instantly for the place, and witnessed a sight which will not easily be effaced from my memory. Wounded Sepoys, dead and dying; one Sepoy had five bayonet thrusts, one shot just in the centre of the forehead, another's mouth shattered by shot: all groaning pitifully in their agonies. The number killed are—one Subadar, two Naicks, one Sepoy, and one Lascar; wounded, one woman and eleven Sepoys. Officers of the native and European Regiments and doctors were present, busy ferreting out the cause of this fearful affair, and dressing their wounds. The Sepoys say that the Gora-logue attacked them, but nothing is correctly known yet. It is not likely Europeans could be the perpetrators of this unprovoked deed on defenseless men; however, as nothing definite is known, it is impossible to guess at the truth."

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA OF NENA SAHIB.

We are all in a mistake about Nena Sahib—at least, according to M. Eugène Pergeaux. He does not, indeed, represent this fiend as an Adonis, but in other respects he describes the too famous Sahib as having so soft a heart, that, despite of his whipping children to death and murdering women, he can not read a tender line in Byron or Shakspeare without being moved to tears! He speaks French, Italian, and English; is acquainted with their several literatures; talks our own language as fluently and surely as any "gentleman de Hyde Parck," and has translated "Hamlet" into Hindoo, to the great admiration of competent critics. Then the heart that could comprehend Ophelia was, of course, accessible to influences from living beauty, and this amiable Nena so loved the fair Miss Margaret O'Sullivan that when she died of consumption he went and wept over her tomb, and would not be consoled. He wandered about his palace, this exquisite lover, repeating nothing but "Poor Margaret;" and then his eyes would suffuse with tears, and he would quote some appropriate passage from Byron, as well as he could do so for sobbing. Since that time he never loved woman, it is supposed, says M. Pergeaux; but this adorable individual took to ride steeple-chases, play in fencing-matches, and to killing tigers coolly in single combat. But, best of all, he is the man who has music in his soul, and he told "le jeune Wooths" that French music was his especial delight—the soft, gay, brilliant, light French music; and to show that he spoke with *connaisance de fait*, he sat down to the piano and improvised an air that brought down the loudest applause from an audience of connoisseurs. M. Pergeaux seems puzzled to account for the hyena turn taken by this heroic gentleman, but he assures us that he finds, upon inquiry, such was the man whose name now, in the nostrils of every human being warmed by a spark of Christian love and charity, stinks more foully than that of Satan himself.

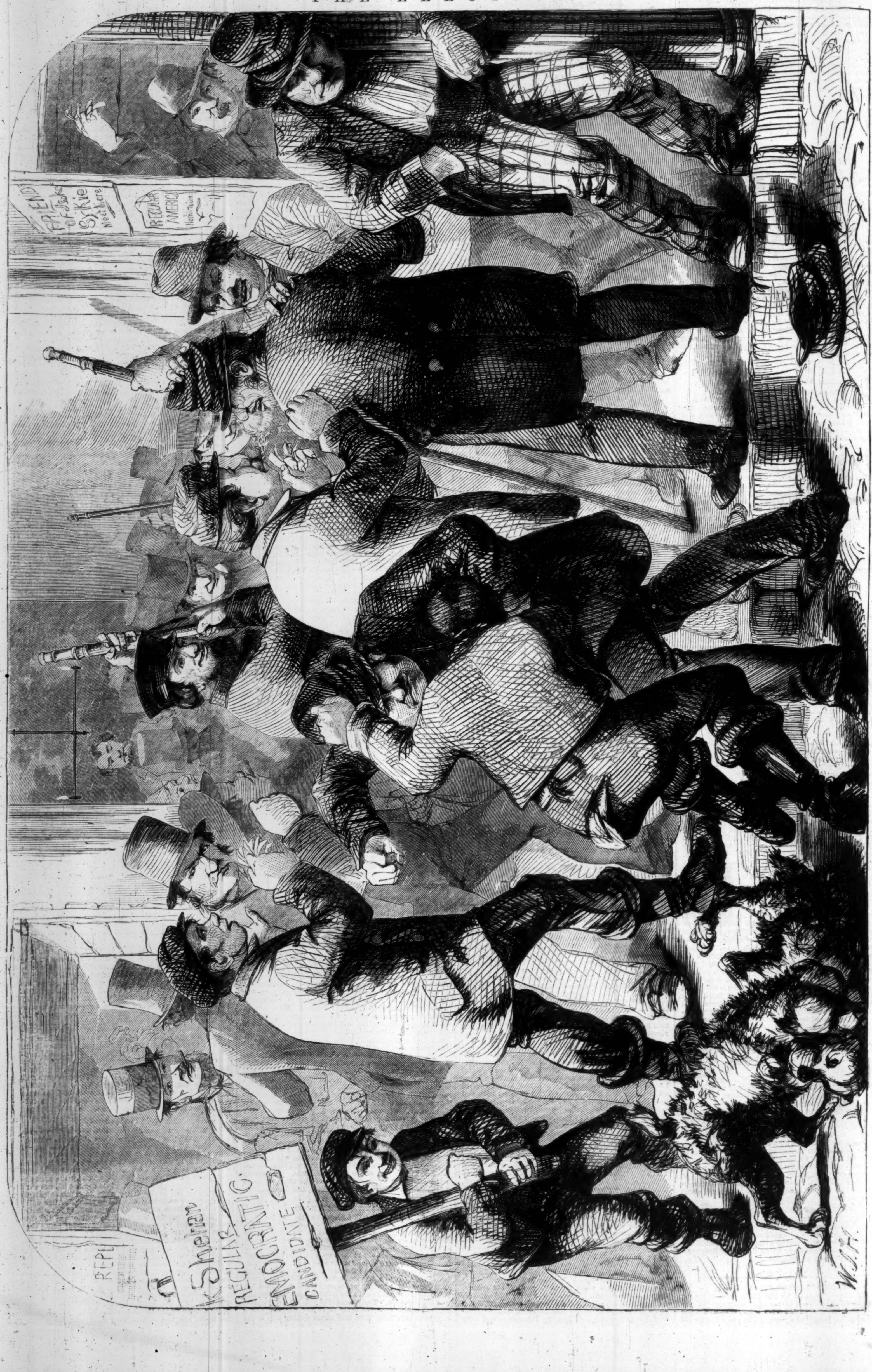
A LOYAL SEPOY REWARDED.

A subadar of the 2d Bombay Grenadiers was staying on leave in his native village, situated in the north, and had been beating up for recruits at Banda itself, when he was forced to withdraw by the mutiny of the Bengalees at the station. He was an unwilling but a helpless witness of more than one murder or group of murders. But presently a time came when he was able to render something more than a passive sympathy for the hunted English. He heard something which led him to believe that a European was hiding in the neighborhood. He cautiously went about till he found him, relieved his distressed condition, fed and disguised him, and finally succeeded in delivering safely at one of Havelock's outposts Ensign Browne, of the late 56th Native Infantry. For this act of loyalty and good faith, executed, be it remembered, by a man of the same kith and kin as the mutineers, and in the very midst, so to speak, of them, the subadar has already received from this Government a gold watch and 1000*r.*, and has been recommended for the Order of British India.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

On 20th of July Captain Greenhill had been out with a party of sappers, cutting down the jungle in front of one of the advanced pickets before Delhi. He agreed with two other officers to search for a mine the enemy were said to be driving. Taking six or seven Europeans with them, they started off. After going a short distance they came to a ravine. The Captain and the men decided on going up the ravine, while the two officers were to go along the bank. They were to communicate to each other by whistling, and not to speak. After walking some distance he received no answer to his whistle, and thinking all was not right, he took one of the men and scrambled up the side of the ravine, it being then quite dark. He appeared unfortunately on the top, sufficiently near for the two officers to distinguish something white, but not near enough to see who it was. He was challenged twice, but, through some mistake about the whistling agreement, he gave no answer. One of the officers, imagining it was the first of a party of the enemy, on receiving no answer, fired. The ball passed through him, and wounded the man with him. He was afterward found mortally wounded, shot through the stomach. He was carried to his tent, and died about eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st. He was sensible to the last, and suffered very little pain.

THE ELECTION.


FRIENDS of Jake Sykes Meet here
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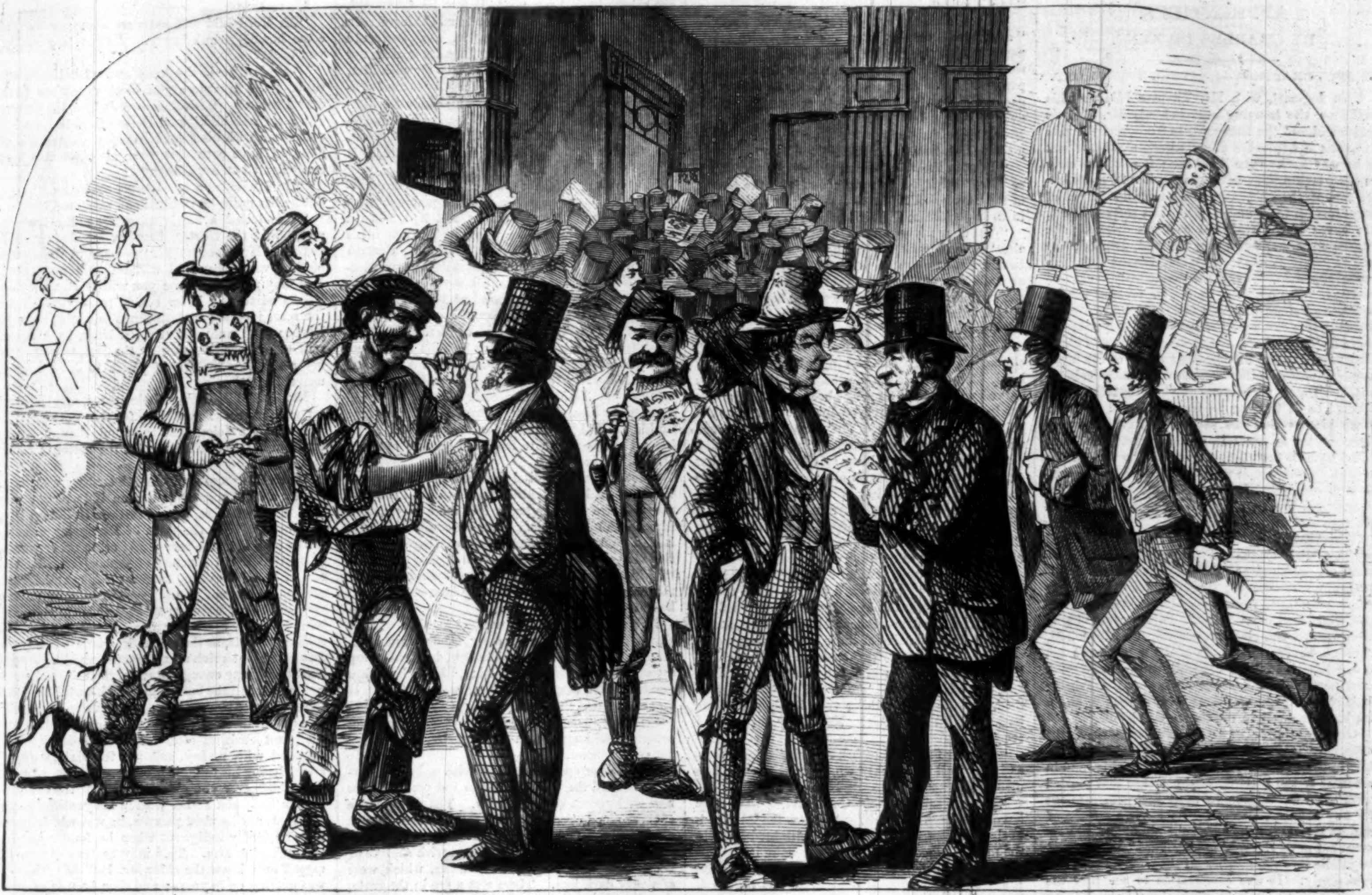
REPU
W.J.H.

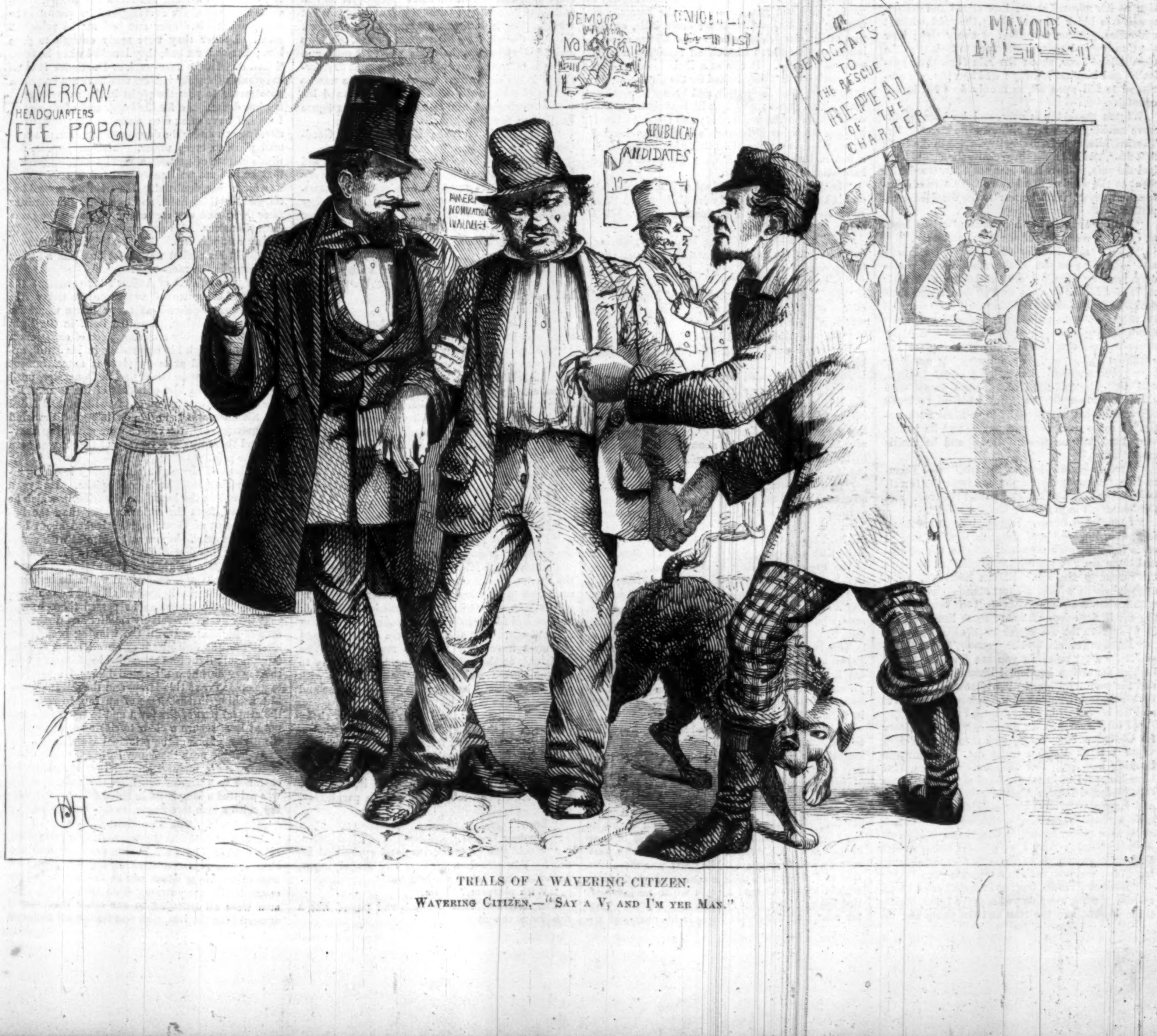
AT THE POLLS.

THE ELECTION.



THE NATURALIZATION OFFICE DAY BEFORE ELECTION.

Citizen of undoubted Respectability.—"Did you happen to want a Friend to swear you've been Five Years a Resident?"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TRIALS OF A WAVERING CITIZEN.

Wavering Citizen.—"Say a V, and I'm yer Man."

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE dog-cart, with Mr. Thomas Idle and his ankle on the hanging seat behind, Mr. Francis Goodchild and the Innkeeper in front, and the rain in spouts and splashes every where, made the best of its way back to the little Inn; the broken moor country looking like miles upon miles of Pre-Adamite sop, or the ruins of some enormous jorum of antediluvian toast-and-water. The trees dripped; the eaves of the scattered cottages dripped; the barren stone-walls dividing the land, dripped; the yelping dogs dripped; carts and wagons under ill-roofed pent-houses, dripped; melancholy cocks and hens perching on their shafts, or seeking shelter underneath them, dripped; Mr. Goodchild dripped; Thomas Idle dripped; the Innkeeper dripped; the mare dripped; the vast curtains of mist and cloud that passed before the shadowy forms of the hills, streamed water as they were drawn across the landscape. Down such steep pitches that the mare seemed to be trotting on her head, and up such steep pitches that she seemed to have a supplementary leg in her tail, the dog-cart jolted and tilted back to the village. It was too wet for the women to look out, it was too wet even for the children to look out; all the doors and windows were closed, and the only sign of life or motion was in the rain-punctured puddles.

Whisky and oil to Thomas Idle's ankle, and whisky without the oil to Francis Goodchild's stomach, produced an agreeable change in the systems of both: soothing Mr. Idle's pain, which was sharp before, and sweetening Mr. Goodchild's temper, which was sweet before. Portmanteaus being then opened and clothes changed, Mr. Goodchild, through having no change of outer garments but broadcloth and velvet, suddenly became a magnificent portent in the Innkeeper's house, a shining frontispiece to the Fashions for the month, and a frightful anomaly in the Cumberland village.

Greatly ashamed of his splendid appearance, the conscious Goodchild quenched it as much as possible, in the shadow of Thomas Idle's ankle, and in a corner of the little covered carriage that started with them for Wigton—a most desirable carriage for any country, except for its having a flat roof and no sides; which caused the plumps of rain accumulating on the roof to play vigorous games of bagatelle into the interior all the way, and to score immensely. It was comfortable to see how the people coming back in open carts from Wigton market made no more of the rain than if it were sunshine; how the Wigton policeman taking a country walk of half a dozen miles (apparently for pleasure), in resplendent uniform, accepted saturation as his normal state; how clerks and schoolmasters in black loitered along the road without umbrellas, getting varnished at every step; how the Cumberland girls, coming out to look after the Cumberland cows, shook the rain from their eyelashes and laughed it away; and how the rain continued to fall upon all, as it only does fall in hill countries.

Wigton market was over, and its bare booths were smoking with rain all down the street. Mr. Thomas Idle, melodramatically carried to the Inn's first floor, and laid upon three chairs (he should have had the sofa, if there had been one), Mr. Goodchild went to the window to take an observation of Wigton, and report what he saw to his disabled companion.

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle. "What do you see from the turret?"

"I see," said Brother Francis, "what I hope and believe to be one of the most dismal places ever seen by eyes. I see the houses with their roofs of dull black, their stained fronts, and their dark-rimmed windows, looking as if they were all in mourning. As every little puff of wind comes down the street, I see a perfect train of rain let off along the wooden stalls in the market-place and exploded against me. I see a very big gas-lamp in the centre which I know, by a secret instinct, will not be lighted to-night. I see a pump, with a trevet underneath its spout whereon to stand the vessels that are brought to be filled with water. I see a man come to pump, and he pumps very hard, but no water follows, and he strolls empty away."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what more do you see from the turret, besides the man and the pump, and the trevet and the houses all in mourning and the rain?"

"I see," said Brother Francis, "one, two, three, four, five, linen-drapers' shops in front of me. I see a linen-draper's shop next door to the right—and there are five more linen-drapers' shops down the corner to the left. Eleven homicidal linen-drapers' shops within a short stone's throw, each with its hands at the throats of all the rest! Over the small first floor of one of these linen-drapers' shops appears the wonderful inscription, BANK."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what more do you see from the turret, besides the eleven homicidal linen-drapers' shops, and the wonderful inscription 'Bank' on the small first-floor, and the man and the pump and the trevet and the houses all in mourning and the rain?"

"I see," said Brother Francis, "the depository for Christian Knowledge, and through the dark vapor I think I again make out Mr. Spurgeon looming heavily. Her Majesty the Queen, God bless her, printed in colors, I am sure I see. I see the *Illustrated London News* of several weeks ago, and I see a sweetmeat shop—which the proprietor calls a 'Salt Warehouse'—with one small female child in a cotton bonnet looking in on tip-toe, oblivious of rain. And I see a watchmaker's, with only three great pale watches of a dull metal hanging in his window, each in a separate pane."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what more do you see of Wigton, besides these objects, and the man and the pump and the trevet and the houses all in mourning and the rain?"

"I see nothing more," said Brother Francis, "and there is nothing more to see, except the curl-paper bill of the theatre, which was opened and shut last week (the manager's family played all the parts), and the short, square, chinky omnibus that goes to the railway, and leads too rattling a life over the stones to hold together long. Oh yes! Now, I see two men with their hands in their pockets and their backs toward me."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what do you make out from the turret, of the expression of the two men with their hands in their pockets and their backs toward you?"

"They are mysterious men," said Brother Francis, "with inscrutable backs. They keep their backs toward me with persistency. If one turns an inch in any direction, the other turns an inch in the same direction, and no more. They turn very stiffly, on a very little pivot, in the middle of the market-place. Their appearance is partly of a mining, partly of a plowing, partly of a stable, character. They are looking at nothing—very hard. Their backs are slouched, and their legs are curved with much standing about. Their pockets are loose and dog's-eared, on account of their hands being always in them. They stand to be rained upon, without any movement of impatience or dissatisfaction, and they keep so close together that an elbow of each jostles an elbow of the other, but they never speak. They spit at times, but speak not. I see it growing darker and darker, and still I see them, sole visible population of the place, standing to be rained upon with their backs toward me, and looking at nothing very hard."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "before you draw down the blind of the turret and come in to have your head scorched by the hot gas, see if you can, and impart to me, something of the expression of those two amazing men."

"The murky shadows," said Francis Goodchild, "are gathering fast; and the wings of evening, and the wings of coal, are folding over Wigton. Still, they look at nothing very hard, with their backs toward me. Ah! Now, they turn, and I see—"

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "tell me quickly what you see of the two men of Wigton!"

"I see," said Francis Goodchild, "that they have no expression at all. And now the town goes to sleep, undazzled by the large unlighted lamp in the market-place; and let no man wake it."

At the close of the next day's journey, Thomas Idle's ankle became much swollen and inflamed. There are reasons which will presently explain themselves for not publicly indicating the exact direction in which that journey lay, or the place in which it ended. It was a long day's shaking of Thomas Idle over the rough roads, and a long day's getting out and going on before the horses, and fagging up hills, and scouring down hills, on the part of Mr. Goodchild, who in the fatigues of such labors congratulated himself on attaining a high point of idleness. It was at a little town, still in Cumberland, that they halted for the night—a very little town, with the purple and brown moor close upon its one street; a curious little ancient market-cross set up in the midst of it; and the town itself looking much as if it were a collection of great stones piled on end by the Druids long ago, which a few recluse people had since hollowed out for habitations.

"Is there a doctor here?" asked Mr. Goodchild, on his knee, of the motherly landlady of the little Inn: stopping in his examination of Mr. Idle's ankle, with the aid of a candle.

"Ey, my word!" said the landlady, glancing doubtfully at the ankle for herself; "there's Doctor Speddie."

"Is he a good doctor?"

"Ey!" said the landlady, "I ca' him so. A' cooms efther nae doctor that I ken. Mair nor which, a's just THE doctor heer."

"Do you think he is at home?"

Her reply was, "Gang awa', Jock, and bring him."

Jock, a white-headed boy, who, under pretense of stirring up some bay salt in a basin of water for the laving of this unfortunate ankle, had greatly enjoyed himself for the last ten minutes in splashing the carpet, set off promptly. A very few minutes had elapsed when he showed the Doctor in, by tumbling against the door before him and bursting it open with his head.

"Gently, Jock, gently," said the Doctor, as he advanced with a quiet step. "Gentlemen, a good-evening. I am sorry that my presence is required here. A slight accident, I hope? A slip and a fall? Yes, yes, yes. Carrock, indeed? Hah! Does that pain you, Sir? No doubt, it does. It is the great connecting ligament here, you see, that has been badly strained. Time and rest, Sir! They are often the recipe in greater cases," with a slight sigh, "and often the recipe in small. I can send a lotion to relieve you, but we must leave the cure to time and rest."

This he said, holding Idle's foot on his knee between his two hands, as he sat over against him. He had touched it tenderly and skillfully in explanation of what he said, and, when his careful examination was completed, softly returned it to its former horizontal position on a chair.

He spoke with a little irresolution whenever he began, but afterward fluently. He was a tall, thin, large-boned old gentleman, with an appearance at first sight of being hard-featured; but, at a second glance, the mild expression of his face and some particular touches of sweetness and patience about his mouth, corrected this impression and assigned his long professional rides, by day and night, in the bleak hill-weather, as the true cause of that appearance. He stooped very little, though past seventy and very gray. His dress was more like that of a clergyman than a country doctor, being a plain black suit, and a plain white neckerchief tied behind like a band. His black was the worse for wear, and there were darns in his coat, and his linen was a little frayed at the hems and edges. He might have been poor—it was likely enough in that out-of-the-way spot—or he might have been a little self-forgetful and eccentric. Any one could have seen directly that he had neither wife nor child at home. He had a scholarly air with him, and that kind of considerate humanity toward others which claimed a gentle consideration for himself. Mr. Goodchild made this study of him while he was examining the limb, and as he laid it down. Mr. Goodchild wishes to add that he considers it a very good likeness.

It came out in the course of a little conversation, that Doctor Speddie was acquainted with some friends of Thomas Idle's, and had, when a young man, passed some years in Thomas Idle's birth-place on the other side of England. Certain idle labors, the fruit of Mr. Goodchild's apprenticeship, also happened to be well known to him. The lazy travelers were thus placed on a more intimate footing with the Doctor than the casual circumstances of the meeting would of themselves have established; and when Doctor Speddie rose to go home, remarking that he would send his assistant with the lotion, Francis Goodchild said that it was unnecessary, for, by the Doctor's leave, he would accompany him, and bring it back. (Having done nothing to fatigue himself for a full quarter of an hour, Francis began to fear that he was not in a state of idleness.)

Doctor Speddie politely assented to the proposition of Francis Goodchild, "as it would give him the pleasure of enjoying a few more minutes of Mr. Goodchild's society than he could otherwise have hoped for," and they went out together into the village street. The rain had nearly ceased, the clouds had broken before a cool wind from the northeast, and stars were shining from the peaceful heights beyond them.

Doctor Speddie's house was the last house in the place. Beyond it lay the moor, all dark and lonesome. The wind moaned in a low, dull, shivering manner round the little garden, like a houseless creature that knew the winter was coming. It was exceedingly wild and solitary. "Roses," said the Doctor, when Goodchild touched some wet leaves overhanging the stone porch; "but they get cut to pieces."

The Doctor opened the door with a key he carried, and led the way into a low but pretty ample hall with rooms on either side. The door of one of these stood open, and the Doctor entered it with a word of welcome to his guest. It, too, was a low room, half surgery and half parlor, with shelves of books and bottles against the walls, which were of a very dark hue. There was a fire in the grate, the night being damp and chill. Leaning against the chimney-piece looking down into it, stood the Doctor's Assistant.

A man of a most remarkable appearance. Much older than Mr. Goodchild had expected, for he was at least two-and-fifty; but that was nothing. What was startling in him was his remarkable paleness. His large black eyes, his sunken cheeks, his long and heavy iron-gray hair, his wasted hands, and even the attenuation of his figure, were at first forgotten in his extraordinary pallor. There was no vestige of color in the man. When he turned his face, Francis Goodchild started as if a stone figure had looked round at him.

"Mr. Lorn," said the Doctor. "Mr. Goodchild."

The Assistant, in a distraught way—as if he had forgotten something—as if he had forgotten every thing, even to his own name and himself—acknowledged the visitor's presence, and stepped further back into the shadow of the wall behind him. But he was so pale that his face stood out in relief against the dark wall, and really could not be hidden so.

"Mr. Goodchild's friend has met with an accident, Lorn," said Doctor Speddie. "We want the lotion for a bad sprain."

A pause.

"My dear fellow, you are more than usually absent to-night. The lotion for a bad sprain."

"Ah! yes! Directly!"

He was evidently relieved to turn away, and to take his white face and wild eyes to a table in a recess among the bottles. But though he stood there compounding the lotion with his back toward them, Goodchild could not, for many moments, withdraw his gaze from the man. When he at length did so, he found the Doctor observing him, with some trouble in his face. "He is absent," explained the Doctor, in a low voice. "Always absent. Very absent."

"Is he ill?"

"No, not ill."

"Unhappy?"

"I have my suspicions that he was," assented the Doctor, "once."

Francis Goodchild could not but observe that the Doctor accompanied these words with a benignant and protecting glance at their subject, in which there was much of the expression with which an attached father might have looked at a heavily afflicted son. Yet, that they were not father and son must have been plain to most eyes. The Assistant, on the other hand, turning presently to ask the Doctor some question, looked at him with a wan smile, as if he were his whole reliance and sustainment in life.

It was in vain for the Doctor in his easy chair, to try to lead the mind of Mr. Goodchild in the opposite easy chair, away from what was before him. Let Mr. Goodchild do what he would to follow the Doctor, his eyes and thoughts reverted to the Assistant. The Doctor soon perceived it, and, after falling silent, and musing in a little perplexity, said:

"Lorn!"

"My dear Doctor."

"Would you go to the Inn, and apply that lotion? You will show the best way of applying it, far better than Mr. Goodchild can."

"With pleasure."

The Assistant took his hat, and passed like a shadow to the door.

"Lorn!" said the Doctor, calling after him.

He returned.

"Mr Goodchild will keep me company till you come home. Don't hurry. Excuse my calling you back."

"It is not," said the Assistant, with his former smile, "the first time you have called me back, dear Doctor." With those words he went away.

"Mr. Goodchild," said Doctor Speddie, in a low voice, and with his former troubled expression of face, "I have seen that your attention has been concentrated on my friend."

"He fascinates me. I must apologize to you, but he has quite bewildered and mastered me."

"I find that a lonely existence and a long secret," said the Doctor, drawing his chair a little nearer to Mr. Goodchild's, "become in the course of time very heavy. I will tell you something. You may make what use you will of it, under fictitious names. I know I may trust you. I am the more inclined to confidence to-night, through having been unexpectedly led back, by the current of our conversation at the Inn, to scenes in my early life. Will you please to draw a little nearer?"

Mr. Goodchild drew a little nearer, and the Doctor went on thus: speaking, for the most part, in so cautious a voice, that the wind, though it was far from high, occasionally got the better of him.

When this present nineteenth century was younger by a good many years than it is now, a certain friend of mine, named Arthur Holliday, happened to arrive in the town of Doncaster, exactly in the middle of the race-week, or, in other words, in the middle of the month of September. He was one of those reckless, rattle-pated, open-hearted, and open-mouthed young gentlemen, who possess the gift of familiarity in its highest perfection, and who scramble carelessly along the journey of life making friends, as the phrase is, wherever they go. His father was a rich manufacturer, and had bought landed property enough in one of the midland counties to make all the born squires in his neighborhood thoroughly envious of him. Arthur was his only son, possessor in prospect of the great estate and the great business after his father's death; well supplied with money, and not too rigidly looked after, during his father's lifetime. Report, or scandal, which ever you please, said that the old gentleman had been rather wild in his youthful days, and that, unlike most parents, he was not disposed to be violently indignant when he found that his son took after him. This may be true or not. I myself only knew the elder Mr. Holliday when he was getting on in years; and then he was as quiet and as respectable a gentleman as ever I met with.

Well, one September, as I told you, young Arthur comes to Doncaster, having decided all of a sudden, in his harebrained way, that he would go to the races. He did not reach the town till toward the close of the evening, and he went at once to see about his dinner and bed at the principal hotel. Dinner they were ready enough to give him; but as for a bed, they laughed when he mentioned it. In the race-week at Doncaster it is no uncommon thing for visitors who have not bespoken apartments to pass the night in their carriages at the inn doors. As for the lower sort of strangers, I myself have often seen them, at that full time, sleeping out under the door-steps for want of a covered place to creep under. Rich as he was, Arthur's chance of getting a night's lodging (seeing that he had not written beforehand to secure one) was more than doubtful. He tried the second hotel, and the third hotel, and two of the inferior inns after that; and was met every where by the same form of answer. No accommodation for the night of any sort was left. All the bright golden sovereigns in his pocket would not buy him a bed at Doncaster in the race-week.

To a young fellow of Arthur's temperament, the novelty of being turned away into the street, like a pennyless vagabond, at every house where he asked for a lodging, presented itself in the light of a new and highly amusing piece of experience. He went on, with his carpet-bag in his hand, applying for a bed at every place of entertainment for travelers that he could find in Doncaster, until he wandered into the outskirts of the town. By this time the last glimmer of twilight had faded out, the moon was rising dimly in a mist, the wind was getting cold, the clouds were gathering heavily, and there was every prospect that it was soon going to rain.

The look of the night had rather a lowering effect on young Holliday's good spirits. He began to contemplate the houseless situation in which he was placed, from the serious rather than the humorous point of view; and he looked about him for another public-house to inquire at with something very like downright anxiety in his mind on the subject of a lodging for the night. The suburban part of the town toward which he had now strayed was hardly lighted at all, and he could see nothing of the houses as he passed them, except that they got progressively smaller and dirtier the farther he went. Down the winding road before him shone the dull gleam of an oil lamp, the one faint, lonely light that struggled ineffectually with the foggy darkness all round him. He resolved to go on as far as this lamp, and then, if it showed him nothing in the shape of an Inn, to return to the central part of the town and to try if he could not at least secure a chair to sit down on, through the night, at one of the principal Hotels.

As he got near the lamp he heard voices; and walking close under it, found that it lighted the entrance to a narrow court, on the wall of which was painted a long hand in faded flesh-color, pointing, with a lean fore-finger, to this inscription:

THE TWO ROBINS.

Arthur turned into the court without hesitation, to see what The Two Robins could do for him. Four or five men were standing together round the door of the house which was at the bottom of the court, facing the entrance from the street. The men were all listening to one other man, better dressed than the rest, who was telling his audience something in a low voice, in which they were apparently very much interested.

On entering the passage Arthur was passed by a stranger with a knapsack in his hand, who was evidently leaving the house.

"No," said the traveler with the knapsack, turning round and addressing himself cheerfully to a fat, sly-looking, bald-headed man, with a dirty white apron on, who had followed him down the passage. "No, Mr. Landlord, I am not easily scared by trifles; but, I don't mind confessing that I can't quite stand *that*."

It occurred to young Holliday, the moment he heard these words, that the stranger had been asked an exorbitant price for a bed at The Two Robins; and that he was unable or unwilling to pay it. The moment his back was turned Arthur, comfortably conscious of his own well-filled pockets, addressed himself in a great hurry, for fear any other benighted traveler should slip in and forestall him, to the sly-looking landlord with the dirty apron and the bald head.

"If you have got a bed to let," said he, "and if that gentleman who has just gone out won't pay you your price for it, I will."

The sly landlord looked hard at Arthur.

"Will you, Sir?" he asked, in a meditative, doubtful way.

"Name your price," said young Holliday, thinking that the landlord's hesitation sprang from some boorish distrust of him. "Name your price, and I'll give you the money at once, if you like."

"Are you game for five shillings?" inquired the landlord, rubbing his stubbly double chin, and looking up thoughtfully at the ceiling above him.

Arthur nearly laughed in the man's face; but thinking it prudent to control himself, offered the five shillings as seriously as he could. The sly landlord held out his hand, then suddenly drew it back again.

"You're acting all fair and above-board by me," he said; "and before I take your money I'll do the same by you. Look here, this is how it stands. You can have a bed all to yourself for five shillings; but you can't have more than a half-share of the room it stands in. Do you see what I mean, young gentleman?"

"Of course I do," returned Arthur, a little irritably. "You mean that it is a double-bedded room, and that one of the beds is occupied?"

The landlord nodded his head, and rubbed his double chin harder than ever. Arthur hesitated, and mechanically moved back a step or two toward the door. The idea of sleeping in the same room with a total stranger did not present an attractive prospect to him. He felt more than half-inclined to drop his five shillings into his pocket and to go out into the street once more.

"Is it yes, or no?" asked the landlord. "Settle it as quick as you can, because there's lots of people wanting a bed at Doncaster to-night, besides you."

Arthur looked toward the court, and heard the rain falling heavily in the street outside. He thought he would ask a question or two before he rashly decided on leaving the shelter of The Two Robins.

"What sort of a man is it who has got the other bed?" he inquired. "Is he a gentleman? I mean, is he a quiet, well-behaved person?"

"The quietest man I ever came across," said the landlord, rubbing his fat hands stealthily one over the other. "As sober as a judge, and as regular as clock-work in his habits. It hasn't struck nine, not ten minutes ago, and he's in bed already. I don't know whether that comes up to your notion of a quiet man; it goes a long way ahead of mine, I can tell you."

"Is he asleep, do you think?" asked Arthur.

"I know he's asleep," returned the landlord. "And what's more, he's gone off so fast that I'll warrant you don't wake him. This way, Sir," said the landlord, speaking over young Holliday's shoulder, as if he was addressing some new guest who was approaching the house.

"Here you are," said Arthur, determined to be beforehand with the stranger, whoever he might be. "I'll take the bed." And he handed the five shillings to the landlord, who nodded, dropped the money carelessly into his waistcoat-pocket, and lighted a candle.

"Come up and see the room," said the host of The Two Robins, leading the way to the stair-case quite briskly, considering how fat he was.

They mounted to the second-floor of the house. The landlord half-opened a door, fronting the landing, then stopped, and turned round to Arthur.

"It's a fair bargain, mind, on my side as well as on yours," he said. "You give me five shillings, I give you in return a clean, comfortable bed; and I warrant, beforehand, that you won't be interfered with or annoyed in any way by the man who sleeps in the same room with you." Saying those words, he looked hard, for a moment, in young Holliday's face, and then led the way into the room.

It was larger and cleaner than Arthur had expected it would be. The two beds stood parallel with each other—a space of about six feet intervening between them. They were both of the same medium size, and both had the same plain white curtains, made to draw, if necessary, all round them. The occupied bed was the bed nearest the window. The curtains were all drawn round this, except the half-curtain at the bottom, on the side of the bed farthest from the window. Arthur saw the feet of the sleeping man raising the scanty clothes into a sharp little eminence, as if he was lying flat on his back. He took the candle, and advanced softly to draw the curtain—stopped half-way, and listened for a moment—then turned to the landlord.

"He is a very quiet sleeper," said Arthur.

"Yes," said the landlord, "very quiet."

Young Holliday advanced with the candle, and looked in at the man cautiously.

"How pale he is!" said Arthur.

"Yes," returned the landlord, "pale enough, isn't he?"

Arthur looked closer at the man. The bedclothes were drawn up to his chin, and they lay perfectly still over the region of his chest. Surprised and vaguely startled as he noticed this, Arthur stooped down closer over the stranger; looked at his ashy, parted lips; listened breathlessly for an instant; looked again at the strangely still face, and the motionless lips and chest; and turned round suddenly on the landlord, with his own cheeks as pale for the moment as the hollow cheeks of the man on the bed.

"Come here," he whispered, under his breath. "Come here, for God's sake! The man's not asleep—he is dead!"

"You have found that out sooner than I thought you would," said the landlord, composedly. "Yes, he's dead, sure enough. He died at five o'clock to-day."

"How did he die? Who is he?" asked Arthur, staggered, for the moment, by the audacious coolness of the answer.

"As to who is he," rejoined the landlord, "I know no more about him than you do. There are his books and letters and things, all sealed up in that brown paper parcel, for the Coroner's inquest to open to-morrow or next day. He's been here a week, paying his way fairly enough, and stopping in-doors, for the most part, as if he was ailing. My girl brought him up his tea at five today; and as he was pouring of it out he fell down in a faint, or a fit, or a compound of both, for any thing I know. We could not bring him to—and I said he was dead. And the Doctor couldn't bring him to—and the Doctor said he was dead. And there he is. And the Coroner's inquest's coming as soon as it can. And that's as much as I know about it."

Arthur held the candle close to the man's lips. The flame still burned straight up, as steadily as ever. There was a moment of silence; and the rain pattered drearily through it against the panes of the window.

"If you haven't got nothing more to say to me," continued the landlord, "I suppose I may go. You don't expect your five shillings back, do you? There's the bed I promised you, clean and comfortable. There's the man I warranted not to disturb you, quiet in this world forever. If you're frightened to stop alone with him, that's not my look out. I've kept my part of the bargain, and I mean to keep the money. I'm not Yorkshire, myself, young gentleman; but I've lived long enough in these parts to have my wits sharpened; and I shouldn't wonder if you found out the way to brighten up yours, next time you come among us." With these words the landlord turned toward the door, and laughed to himself softly, in high satisfaction at his own sharpness.

Startled and shocked as he was, Arthur had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to feel indignant at the trick that had been played on him, and at the insolent manner in which the landlord exulted in it.

"Don't laugh," he said, sharply, "till you are quite sure you have got the laugh against me. You shan't have the five shillings for nothing, my man. I'll keep the bed."

"Will you?" said the landlord. "Then I wish you a good night's rest." With that brief farewell, he went out, and shut the door after him.

A good night's rest! The words had hardly been spoken, the door had hardly been closed, before Arthur half-repented the hasty words that had just escaped him. Though not naturally over-sensitive, and not wanting in courage of the moral as well as the physical sort, the presence of the dead man had an instantaneously chilling effect on his mind when he found himself alone in the room—alone, and bound by his own rash words to stay there till the next morning. An older man would have thought nothing of those words, and would have acted, without reference to them, as his calmer sense suggested. But Arthur was too young to treat the ridicule, even of his inferiors, with contempt—too young not to fear the momentary humiliation of falsifying his own foolish boast, more than he feared the trial of watching out the long night in the same chamber with the dead.

"It is but a few hours," he thought to himself, "and I can get away the first thing in the morning."

He was looking toward the occupied bed as that idea passed through his mind, and the sharp angular eminence made in the clothes by the dead man's upturned feet again caught his eye. He advanced and drew the curtains, purposely abstaining, as he did so, from looking at the face of the corpse, lest he might unnerve himself at the outset by fastening some ghastly impression of it on his mind. He drew the curtain very gently, and sighed involuntarily as he closed it. "Poor fellow," he said, almost as sadly as if he had known the man. "Ah, poor fellow!"

He went next to the window. The night was black, and he could see nothing from it. The rain still pattered heavily against the glass. He inferred, from hearing it, that the window was at the back of the house; remembering that the front was sheltered from the weather by the court and the buildings over it.

While he was still standing at the window—for even the dreary rain was a relief, because of the sound it made; a relief, also, because it moved, and had some faint suggestion, in consequence, of life and companionship in it—while he was standing at the window, and looking vacantly into the black darkness outside, he heard a distant church-clock strike ten. Only ten! How was he to pass the time till the house was astir the next morning?

Under any other circumstances, he would have gone down to the public-house parlor, would have called for his grog, and would have laughed and talked with the company assembled as familiarly as if he had known them all his life. But the very thought of whiling away the time in this manner was now distasteful to him. The new situation in which he was placed seemed to have altered him to himself already. Thus far, his life had been the common, trifling, prosaic, surface-life of a prosperous young man, with no troubles to conquer, and no trials to face. He had lost no relation whom he loved, no friend whom he treasured. Till this night what share he had of the immortal inheritance that is divided among us all had lain dormant within him. Till this night, Death and he had not once met, even in thought.

He took a few turns up and down the room—then stopped. The noise made by his boots on the poorly carpeted floor jarred on his ear. He hesitated a little, and ended by taking the boots off and walking backward and forward noiselessly. All desire to sleep or to rest had left him. The bare thought of lying down on the unoccupied bed instantly drew the picture on his mind of a dreadful mimicry of the position of the dead man. Who was he? What was the story of his past life? Poor he must have been, or he would not have stopped at such a place as The Two Robins Inn—and weakened, probably, by long illness, or he could hardly have died in the manner which the landlord had described. Poor, ill, lonely—dead in a strange place; dead, with nobody but a stranger to pity him. A sad story: truly, on the mere face of it, a very sad story.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he had stopped insensibly at the window, close to which stood the foot of the bed with the closed curtains. At first he looked at it absently; then he became conscious that his eyes were fixed on it; and then, a perverse desire took possession of him to do the very thing which he had resolved not to do, up to this time—to look at the dead man.

He stretched out his hand toward the curtains; but checked himself in the very act of undrawing them, turned his back sharply on the bed, and walked toward the chimney-piece, to see what things were placed on it, and to try if he could keep the dead man out of his mind in that way.

There was a pewter inkstand on the chimney-piece, with some mildewed remains of ink in the bottle. There were two coarse china ornaments of the commonest kind; and there was a square of embossed card, dirty and fly-blown, with a collection of wretched riddles printed on it, in all sorts of zigzag directions, and in variously colored inks. He took the card, and went away to read it, to the table on which the candle was placed; sitting down with his back resolutely turned to the curtained bed.

He read the first riddle, the second, the third, all in one corner of the card—then turned it round impatiently to look at another. Before he could begin reading the riddles printed here, the sound of the church-clock stopped him. Eleven. He had got through an hour of the time, in the room with the dead man.

Once more he looked at the card. It was not easy to make out the letters printed on it, in consequence of the dimness of the light which the landlord had left him—a common tallow candle, furnished with a pair of heavy old-fashioned steel snuffers. Up to this time, his mind had been too much occupied to think of the light. He had left the wick of the candle unsnuffed, till it had risen higher than the flame, and had burned into an odd pent-house shape at the top, from which morsels of the charred cotton fell off, from time to time, in little flakes. He took up the snuffers now and trimmed the wick. The light brightened directly, and the room became less dismal.

Again he turned to the riddles; reading them doggedly and resolutely, now in one corner of the card, now in another. All his efforts, however, could not fix his attention on them. He pursued his occupation mechanically, deriving no sort of impression from what he was reading. It was as if a shadow from the curtained bed had got between his mind and the gayly printed letters—a shadow that nothing could dispel. At last he gave up the struggle and threw the card from him impatiently, and took to walking softly up and down the room again.

The dead man, the dead man, the *hidden* dead man on the bed! There was the one persistent idea still haunting him. Hidden! Was it only the body being there, or was it the body being there, concealed, that was preying on his mind? He stopped at the window, with that doubt in him; once more listening to the pattering rain, once more looking out into the black darkness.

Still the dead man! The darkness forced his mind back upon itself, and set his memory at work, reviving, with a painfully vivid distinctness the momentary impression it had received from his first sight of the corpse. Before long the face seemed to be hovering out in the middle of the darkness, confronting him through the window, with the paleness whiter, with the dreadful dull line of light between the imperfectly-closed eyelids broader than he had seen it—with the parted lips slowly dropping farther and farther away from each other—with the features growing larger and moving closer, till they seemed to fill the window and to silence the rain, and to shut out the night.

The sound of a voice shouting below stairs, woke him suddenly from the dream of his own distempered fancy. He recognized it as the voice of the landlord. "Shut up at twelve, Ben," he heard it say. "I'm off to bed!"

He wiped away the damp that had gathered on his forehead, reasoned with himself for a little while, and resolved to shake his mind free of the ghastly counterfeit which still clung to it, by forcing himself to confront, if it was only for a moment, the solemn reality. Without allowing himself an instant to hesitate, he parted the curtains at the foot of the bed, and looked through.

There was the sad, peaceful, white face, with the awful mystery of stillness on it, laid back upon the pillow. No stir, no change there! He only looked at it for a moment before he closed the curtains again—but that moment steadied him, calmed him, restored him—mind and body—to himself.

He returned to his old occupation of walking up and down the room; persevering in it, this time, till the clock struck again. Twelve.

As the sound of the clock-bell died away, it was succeeded by the confused noise, down stairs, of the drinkers in the tap-room leaving the house. The next sound, after an interval of silence, was caused by the barring of the door, and the closing of the shutters, at the back of the Inn. Then the silence followed again, and was disturbed no more.

He was alone now—absolutely, utterly alone with the dead man, till the next morning.

The wick of the candle wanted trimming again. He took up the snuffers—but paused suddenly on the very point of using them, and looked attentively at the candle—then back over his shoulder, at the curtained bed—then again at the candle. It had been lighted for the first time, to show him the way up stairs, and three parts of it at least were already consumed. In another hour it would be burned out. In another hour—unless he called at once to the man who had shut up the Inn, for a fresh candle—he would be left in the dark.

Strongly as his mind had been affected since he had entered the room, his unreasonable dread of encountering ridicule, and of exposing his courage to suspicion, had not altogether lost its influence over him, even yet. He lingered irresolutely by the table, waiting till he could prevail on himself to open the door, and call, from the landing, to the man who had shut up the Inn. In his present hesitating frame of mind, it was a kind of relief to gain a few moments only by engaging in the trifling occupation of snuffing the candle. His hand trembled a little, and the snuffers were heavy and awkward to use. When he closed them on the wick, he closed them a hair's-breadth too low. In an instant the candle was out, and the room was plunged in pitch darkness.

The one impression which the absence of light immediately produced on his mind, was distrust of the curtained bed—distrust which shaped itself into no distinct idea, but which was powerful enough, in its very vagueness, to bind him down to his chair, to make his heart beat fast, and to set him listening intently. No sound stirred in the room but the familiar sound of the rain against the window, louder and sharper now than he had heard it yet.

Still the vague distrust, the inexpressible dread possessed him, and kept him in his chair. He had put his carpet-bag on the table, when he first entered the room, and he now took the key from his pocket, reached out his hand softly, opened the bag, and groped in it for his traveling writing-case, in which he knew that there was a small store of matches. When he had got one of the matches he waited before he struck it on the coarse wooden table, and listened intently again, without knowing why. Still there was no sound in the room but the steady, ceaseless, rattling sound of the rain.

He lighted the candle again, without another moment of delay; and, on the instant of its burning up, the first object in the room that his eyes sought for was the curtained bed.

Just before the light had been put out, he had looked in that direction, and had seen no change, no disarrangement of any sort, in the folds of the closely-drawn curtains.

When he looked at the bed now, he saw, hanging over the side of it, a long white hand.

It lay perfectly motionless, midway on the side of the bed, where the curtain at the head and the curtain at the foot met. Nothing more was visible. The clinging curtains hid every thing but the long white hand.

He stood looking at it unable to stir, unable to call out; feeling nothing, knowing nothing; every faculty he possessed gathered up and lost in the one seeing faculty. How long that first panic held him he never could tell afterward. It might have been only for a moment; it might have been for many minutes together. How he got to the bed—whether he ran to it headlong, or whether he approached it slowly—how he wrought himself up to unclose the curtains and look in, he never has remembered, and never will remember to his dying day. It is enough that he did go to the bed, and that he did look inside the curtains.

The man had moved. One of his arms was outside the clothes; his face was turned a little on the pillow; his eyelids were wide open. Changed as to position, and as to one of the features, the face was otherwise fearfully and wonderfully unaltered. The dead paleness and the dead quiet were on it still.

One glance showed Arthur this—one glance before he flew breathlessly to the door, and alarmed the house.

The man whom the landlord called "Ben," was the first to appear on the stairs. In three words Arthur told him what had happened, and sent him for the nearest doctor.

I, who tell you this story, was then staying with a medical friend of mine, in practice at Doncaster, taking care of his patients for him during his absence in London; and I, for the time being, was the nearest doctor. They had sent for me from the Inn, when the stranger was taken ill in the afternoon, but I was not at home, and medical assistance was sought for elsewhere. When the man from The Two Robins rang the night-bell, I was just thinking of going to bed. Naturally enough, I did not believe a word of his story about "a dead man who had come to life again." However, I put on my hat, armed myself with one or two bottles of restorative medicine, and ran to the Inn, expecting to find nothing more remarkable, when I got there, than a patient in a fit.

My surprise at finding that the man had spoken the literal truth was almost, if not quite, equaled by my astonishment at finding myself face to face with Arthur Holliday as soon as I entered the bedroom. It was no time then for giving or seeking explanations. We just shook hands amazedly; and then I ordered every body but Arthur out of the room, and hurried to the man on the bed.

The kitchen fire had not been long out. There was plenty of hot water in the boiler, and plenty of flannel to be had. With these, with my medicines, and with such help as Arthur could render under my direction, I dragged the man literally out of the jaws of death. In less than an hour from the time when I had been called in, he was alive and talking in the bed on which he had been laid out to wait for the coroner's inquest.

You will naturally ask me what had been the matter with him; and I might treat you, in reply, to a long theory, plentifully sprinkled with what the children call hard words. I prefer telling you that, in this case, cause and effect could not be satisfactorily joined together by any theory whatever. There are mysteries in life, and the conditions of it, which human science has not fathomed yet; and I candidly confess to you that, in bringing that man back to existence, I was, morally speaking, groping hap-hazard in the dark. I know (from the testimony of the doctor who attended him in the afternoon) that the vital machinery, so far as its action is appreciable by our senses, had, in this case, unquestionably stopped; and I am equally certain (seeing that I recovered him) that the vital principle was not extinct. When I add, that he had suffered from a long and complicated illness, and that his whole nervous system was utterly deranged, I have told you all I really know of the physical condition of my dead-alive patient at the Two Robins Inn.

When he "came to," as the phrase goes, he was a startling object to look at, with his colorless face, his sunken cheeks, his wild black eyes, and his long black hair. The first question he asked me about himself, when he could speak, made me suspect that I had been called in to a man in my own profession. I mentioned to him my surmise, and he told me that I was right.

He said he had come last from Paris, where he had been attached to a hospital. That he had lately returned to England, on his way to Edinburgh, to continue his studies; that he had been taken ill on the journey; and that he had stopped to rest and recover himself at Doncaster. He did not add a word about his name, or who he was; and, of course, I did not question him on the subject. All I inquired, when he ceased speaking, was what branch of the profession he intended to follow.

"Any branch," he said, bitterly, "which will put bread into the mouth of a poor man."

At this, Arthur, who had been hitherto watching him in silent curiosity, burst out impetuously in his usual good-humored way:

"My dear fellow!" (every body was "my dear fellow" with Arthur) "now you have come to life again, don't begin by being down-hearted about your prospects. I'll answer for it, I can help you to some capital thing in the medical line—or, if I can't, I know my father can."

The medical student looked at him steadily.

"Thank you," he said, coldly. Then added, "May I ask who your father is?"

"He's well enough known all about this part of the country," replied Arthur. "He is a great manufacturer, and his name is Holliday."

My hand was on the man's wrist during this brief conversation. The instant the name of Holliday was pronounced I felt the pulse under my fingers flutter, stop, go on suddenly with a bound, and beat afterward, for a minute or two, at the fever rate.

"How did you come here?" asked the stranger, quickly, excitably, passionately almost.

Arthur related briefly what had happened from the time of his first taking the bed at the inn.

"I am indebted to Mr. Holliday's son, then, for the help that has saved my life," said the medical student, speaking to himself, with a singular sarcasm in his voice. "Come here!"

He held out, as he spoke, his long, white, bony right hand.

"With all my heart," said Arthur, taking the hand cordially. "I may confess it now," he continued, laughing, "upon my honor, you almost frightened me out of my wits."

The stranger did not seem to listen. His wild black eyes were fixed with a look of eager interest on Arthur's face, and his long bony fingers kept tight hold of Arthur's hand. Young Holliday, on his side, returned the gaze, amazed and puzzled by the medical student's odd language and manners. The two faces were close together; I looked at them; and, to my amazement, I was suddenly impressed by the sense of a likeness between them—not in features or complexion, but solely in expression. It must have been a strong likeness, or I should certainly not have found it out, for I am naturally slow in detecting resemblances between faces.

"You have saved my life," said the strange man, still looking hard in Arthur's face, still holding tightly by his hand. "If you had been my own brother, you could not have done more for me than that."

He laid a singularly strong emphasis on those three words "my own brother," and a change passed over his face as he pronounced them—a change that no language of mine is competent to describe.

"I hope I have not done being of service to you yet," said Arthur. "I'll speak to my father as soon as I get home."

"You seem to be fond and proud of your father," said the medical student. "I suppose, in return, he is fond and proud of you?"

"Of course he is!" answered Arthur, laughing. "Is there any thing wonderful in that? Isn't *your* father fond—"

The stranger suddenly dropped young Holliday's hand, and turned his face away.

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur. "I hope I have not unintentionally pained you. I hope you have not lost your father?"

"I can't well lose what I have never had," retorted the medical student, with a harsh mocking laugh.

"What you never had!"

The strange man suddenly caught Arthur's hand again, suddenly looked once more hard in his face.

"Yes," he said, with a repetition of the bitter laugh. "You have brought a poor devil back into the world, who has no business there. Do I astonish you? Well! I have a fancy of my own for telling you what men in my situation generally keep a secret. I have no name and no father. The merciful law of Society tells me I am Nobody's Son! Ask your father if he will be my father too, and help me on in life with the family name."

Arthur looked at me, more puzzled than ever. I signed to him to say nothing, and then laid my fingers again on the man's wrist. No! In spite of the extraordinary speech that he had just made, he was not, as I had been disposed to suspect, beginning to get light-headed. His pulse, by this time, had fallen back to a quiet, slow beat, and his skin was moist and cool. Not a symptom of fever or agitation about him.

Finding that neither of us answered him, he turned to me, and began talking of the extraordinary nature of his case, and asking my advice about the future course of medical treatment to which he ought to subject himself. I said the matter required careful thinking over, and suggested that I should submit certain prescriptions to him the next morning. He told me to write them at once, as he would, most likely, be leaving Doncaster in the morning, before I was up. It was quite useless to represent to him the folly and danger of such a proceeding as this. He heard me politely and patiently, but held to his resolution, without offering any reasons or any explanations, and repeated to me, that if I wished to give him a chance of seeing my prescription, I must write it at once. Hearing this, Arthur volunteered the loan of a traveling writing-case, which, he said, he had with him; and, bringing it to the bed, shook the note-paper out of the pocket of the case forthwith in his usual careless way. With the paper there fell out on the counterpane of the bed a small packet of sticking-plaster, and a little water-color drawing of a landscape.

The medical student took up the drawing and looked at it. His eye fell on some initials neatly written in cipher in one corner. He started and trembled; his pale face grew whiter than ever; his wild black eyes turned on Arthur, and looked through and through him.

"A pretty drawing," he said, in a remarkably quiet tone of voice.

"Ah! and done by such a pretty girl," said Arthur. "Oh, such a pretty girl! I wish it was not a landscape; I wish it was a portrait of her!"

"You admire her very much?"

Arthur, half in jest, half in earnest, kissed his hand for answer.

"Love at first sight!" he said, putting the drawing away again. "But the course of it doesn't run smooth. It's the old story. She's monopolized as usual. Trammeled by a rash engagement to some poor man who is never likely to get money enough to marry her. It was lucky I heard of it in time, or I should certainly have risked a declaration when she gave me that drawing. Here, Doctor! Here is pen, ink, and paper all ready for you."

"When she gave you that drawing? Gave it. Gave it." He repeated the words slowly to himself, and suddenly closed his eyes. A momentary distortion passed across his face, and I saw one of his hands clutch up the bed-clothes and squeeze them hard. I thought he was going to be ill again, and begged that there might be no more talking. He opened his eyes when I spoke, fixed them once more searchingly on Arthur, and said, slowly and distinctly, "You like her, and she likes you. The poor man may die out of your way. Who can tell that she may not give you herself as well as her drawing, after all?"

Before young Holliday could answer, he turned to me, and said, in a whisper, "Now for the prescription." From that time, though he spoke to Arthur again, he never looked at him more.

When I had written the prescription, he examined it, approved of it, and then astonished us both by abruptly wishing us good-night. I offered to sit up with him, and he shook his head. Arthur offered to sit up with him, and he said, shortly, with his face turned away, "No!" I insisted on having somebody left to watch him. He gave way when he found I was determined, and said he would accept the services of the waiter at the inn.

"Thank you both," he said, as we rose to go. "I have one last favor to ask—not of you, Doctor, for I leave you to exercise your professional discretion—but of Mr. Holliday." His eyes, while he spoke, still rested steadily on me, and never once turned toward Arthur. "I beg that Mr. Holliday will not mention to any one—least of all to his father—the events that have occurred and the words that have passed in this room. I entreat him to bury me in his memory, as, but for him, I might have been buried in my grave. I can not give my reasons for making this strange request. I can only implore him to grant it."

His voice faltered for the first time, and he hid his face on the pillow. Arthur, completely bewildered, gave the required pledge. I took young Holliday away with me immediately afterward, to the house of my friend, determining to go back to the inn, and to see the medical student again before he had left in the morning.

I returned to the inn at eight o'clock, purposely abstaining from waking Arthur, who was sleeping off the past night's excitement on one of my friend's sofas. A suspicion had occurred to me, as soon as I was alone in my bed-room, which made me resolve that Holliday and the stranger whose life he had saved should not meet again, if I could prevent it. I have already alluded to certain reports, or scandals, which I knew of, relating to the early life of Arthur's father. While I was thinking in my bed of what had passed at the inn—of the change in the student's pulse when he heard the name of Holliday; of the resemblance of expression that I had discovered between his face and Arthur's; of the emphasis he had laid on those three words, "my own brother;" and of his incomprehensible acknowledgment of his own illegitimacy—while I was thinking of these things, the reports I have mentioned suddenly flew into my mind, and linked themselves fast to the chain of my previous reflections. Something within me whispered, "It is best that those two young men should not meet again." I felt it before I slept: I felt it when I woke; and I went, as I told you, alone to the inn the next morning.

I had missed my only opportunity of seeing my nameless patient again. He had been gone nearly an hour when I inquired for him.

I have now told you every thing that I know for certain in relation to the man whom I brought back to life in the double-bedded room of the Inn at Doncaster. What I have next to add is matter for inference and surmise, and is not, strictly speaking, matter of fact.

I have to tell you, first, that the medical student turned out to be strangely and unaccountably right in assuming it as more than probable that Arthur Holliday would marry the young lady who had given him the water-color drawing of the landscape. That marriage took place a little more than a year after the events occurred which I have just been relating. The young couple came to live in the neighborhood in which I was then established in practice. I was present at the wedding, and was rather surprised to find that Arthur was singularly reserved with me, both before and after his marriage, on the subject of the young lady's prior engagement. He only referred to it once, when we were alone, merely telling me on that occasion that his wife had done all that honor and duty required of her in the matter, and that the engagement had been broken off with the full approval of her parents. I never heard more from him than this. For three years he and his wife lived together happily. At the expiration of that time the symptoms of a serious illness first declared themselves in Mrs. Arthur Holliday. It turned out to be a long, lingering, hopeless malady. I attended her throughout. We had been great friends when she was well, and we became more attached to each other than ever when she was ill. I had many long and interesting conversations with her in the intervals when she suffered least. The result of one of those conversations I may briefly relate, leaving you to draw any inferences from it that you please.

The interview to which I refer occurred shortly before her death. I called one evening, as usual, and found her alone, with a look in her eyes which told me that she had been crying. She only informed me at first that she had been depressed in spirits; but, by little and little, she became more communicative, and confessed to me that she had been looking over some old letters which had been addressed to her before she had seen Arthur, by a man to whom she had been engaged to be married. I asked her how the engagement came to be broken off. She replied that it had not been broken off, but that it had died out in a very mysterious way. The person to whom she was engaged—her first love, she called him—was very poor, and there was no immediate prospect of their being married. He followed my profession, and went abroad to study. They had corresponded regularly until the time when, as she believed, he had returned to England. From that period she heard no more of him. He was of a fretful, sensitive temperament; and she feared that she might have inadvertently done or said something that offended him. However that might be, he had never written to her again; and, after waiting a year, she had married Arthur. I asked when the first estrangement had begun, and found that the time at which she ceased to hear any thing of her first lover exactly corresponded with the time at which I had been called in to my mysterious patient at The Two Robins Inn.

A fortnight after that conversation she died. In course of time Arthur married again. Of late years he has lived principally in London, and I have seen little or nothing of him.

I have many years to pass over before I can approach to any thing like a conclusion of this fragmentary narrative. And even when that later period is reached, the little that I have to say will not occupy your attention for more than a few minutes. Between six and seven years ago, the gentleman to whom I introduced you in this room came to me, with good professional recommendations, to fill the position of my assistant. We met, not like strangers, but like friends, the only difference between us being, that I was very much surprised to see him, and that he did not appear to be at all surprised to see me. If he was my son or my brother, I believe he could not be fonder of me than he is; but he has never volunteered any confidences since has been here on the subject of his past life. I saw something that was familiar to me in his face when we first met, and yet it was also something that suggested the idea of change. I had a notion once that my patient at the Inn might be a natural son of Mr. Holliday's; I had another idea that he might also have been the man who was engaged to Arthur's first wife; and I have a third idea, still clinging to me, that Mr. Lorn is the only man in England who could really enlighten me, if he chose, on both those doubtful points. His hair is not black now, and his eyes are dimmer than the piercing eyes that I remember; but, for all that, he is very like the nameless medical student of my young days—very like him. And sometimes when I come home late at night, and find him asleep, and wake him, he looks, in coming to, wonderfully like the stranger at Doncaster as he raised himself in the bed on that memorable night!

The Doctor paused. Mr. Goodchild, who had been following every word that fell from his lips up to this time, leaned forward eagerly to ask a question. Before he could say a word the latch of the door was raised, without any warning sound of footsteps in the passage outside. A long, white, bony hand appeared through the opening, gently pushing the door, which was prevented from working freely on its hinges by a fold in the carpet under it.

"That hand! Look at that hand, Doctor!" said Mr. Goodchild, touching him.

At the same moment the Doctor looked at Mr. Goodchild, and whispered to him, significantly: "Hush! he has come back."

THE DUKE'S JEALOUSY.

I.

BARBARA hath a falcon's eye,
And a soft white hand hath Barbara;
Beware—for to make you wish to die,
To make you as pale as the moonlight or I,
Is a pet trick of Barbara's!

II.

Merrily bloweth the summer wind,
But cold and cruel is Barbara!
And I, a Duke, stand here like a hind,
Too happy, i' faith, if I am struck blind
By the quick look of Barbara!

III.

Ay, Sweetmou', you are haughty now:
Time was, time was, my Barbara,
When I covered your lips and brow
And bosom with kisses—faith, 'tis snow
That was all fire then, Barbara!

IV.

For whom shall you hold Agatha's ring?
Whom will you love next, Barbara?
Choose from the Court—your page or the King?
Or one of these sleek-limbed fellows who bring
Rose-colored notes "For Barbara?"

V.

Love the King, by all that is good.
Make eyes at him, sing to him, Barbara!
I think you might please his royal mood
For a month, and then—what then if he *should*
Fling you aside, Queen Barbara!

VI.

You might die out there on the moor,
(Where Rouel died for you, Barbara!)
For the world, you know, sets little store
On beauty, and charity closes the door
On fallen divinity, Barbara!

VII.

But if His Majesty grew so cold—
In the dead of night, my Barbara,
I'd go to his chamber, Hate is bold,
And I'd strangle him there in his purple and gold,
And lay him beside you, Barbara!

THE WAR IN INDIA.

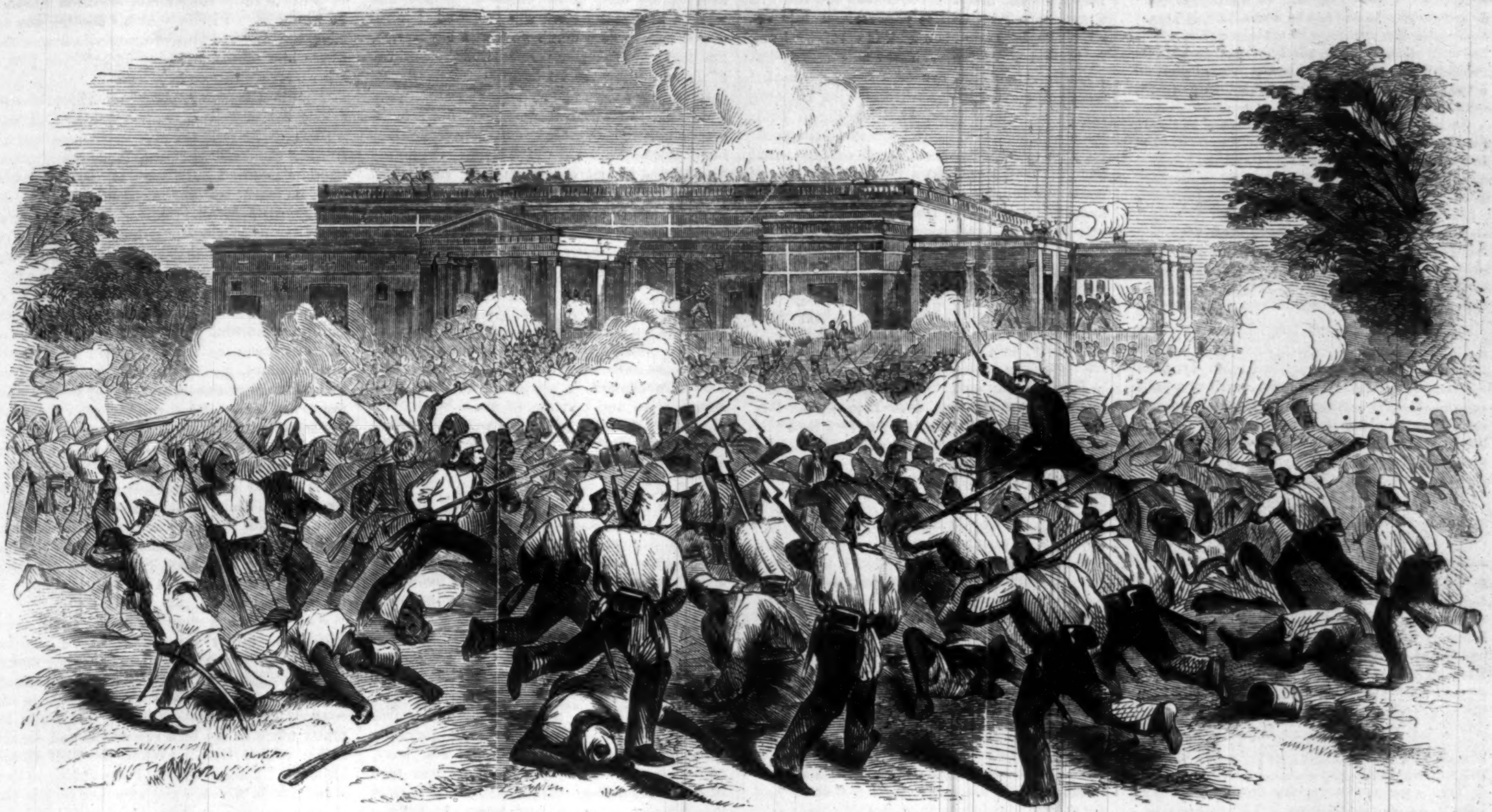
THE latest news from the seat of war in India affords ground for believing that the English may not suffer as severely as was at one time anticipated. By the mail just arrived, it is made apparent that the menaced stations—Lucknow and Agra—still held out, contrary to all reasonable expectation; that Benares and Allahabad were being prepared for a defense of the most thorough character; that the force at Delhi was on the increase, and that in all probability the town would soon fall; finally, that the gallant Havelock, with his band of braves, was recruiting health at Cawnpore, preparatory to a descent upon the besiegers of Lucknow. We do not exaggerate when we say that the pleasure with which this news was received was only second to that which hailed it in England. Our commercial partnership in this instance has created a union of hearts.

We have chosen, as the subject of our illustrations this week, one of the elephants which are kept as State treasures by the native rajahs of Hindostan; likewise a sketch of a conflict which took place before the residence of the Rajah of Allahabad, between the insurgent sepoys and the avenging army of England.

These elephants are more valued by the Hindoo rajahs than human creatures. Some time since a rajah of Central India, whose enormous wealth enabled him to keep a stud of the huge brutes, received a gigantic male from a friend in the South. The elephant was just such a monster as is depicted in our illustration; no petty creature such as one sees in menageries in this country. Well, the brute arrived; a mansion had been prepared for his reception, a troop of servants to wait upon him, a posse of guards to watch his slumbers; the most costly decorations were placed upon his limbs, the most exquisite food stored in garners for his entertainment. Surely brute beast was never so well cared for before. For all these attentions the monster had not overcome the native ferocity of his temperament. He ate, scoffingly, the luscious food offered him by his captors, and testified by many a sly twist of his ears and tail that he had not yet made up his mind whether to endure the civilities thrust upon him, or no. His keepers warned their master to beware of him. Regardless of the injunction, a favorite son of the rajah one afternoon entered the "stall" (it was a saloon) where the monster was reposing. He ventured to caress him, as he lay on the soft couch prepared for his slumbers. The elephant looked up sharply with his little wicked eyes. A marabout could have read his intentions; but to the rajah's son the elephant's glance was no more than the yellow primrose to Wordsworth's lout. Emboldened in fact by the brute's apparent quiescence, the youth lay down lazily on the elephant's back and side, and called to an attendant to bring him his hookah. That instant the elephant rolled swiftly to his feet. The very action placed the hapless youth under him; and the servant who had received the order for the hookah, heard, almost as soon, the shriek of the agonized young man, and the crackling of his bones.

It happened that his father was close at hand. The shouts of his people aroused him, and he hastened to the establishment where his favorite was lodged. At a glance he saw what was happening; the elephant was trampling his son to death.

A guard, noticing the rajah's agony, offered to plant a ball in the elephant's skull, so as to kill him on the spot.



THE FIGHT AT ALLAHABAD.

"Son of the devil!" roared the infuriated Hindoo, "what would you do? Kill my choice elephant! Could you but wrest the dagger from the boy's hand, for I fear that in his death-struggle he may scratch my favorite's legs!"

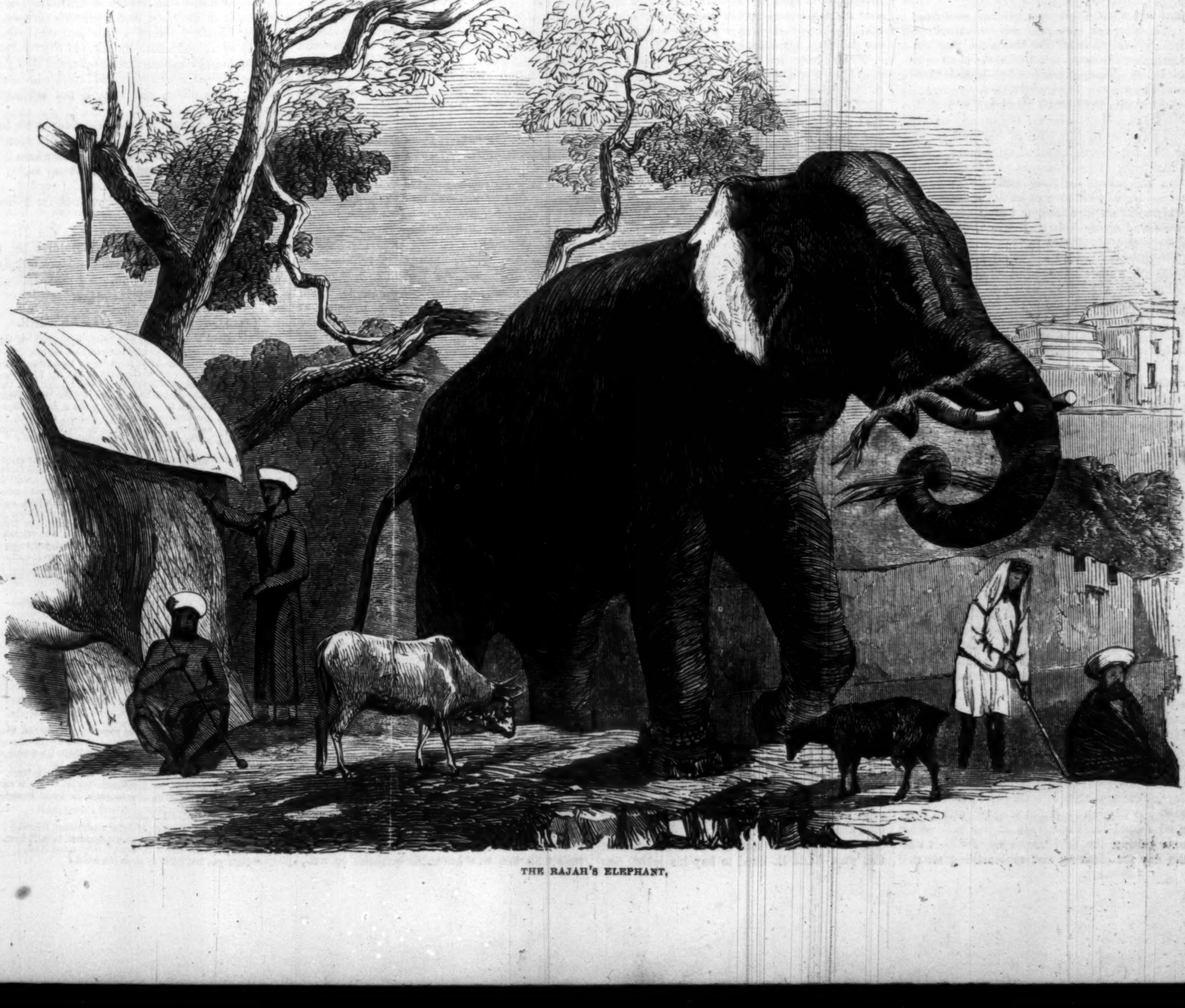
There is no reason to suppose that this rajah was any more of an elephant-worshiper than his fellows.

Elephants are no longer used as war-cattle. Even in the days of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, it was discovered that, however potent they were to trample men down, they were futile when opposed to soldiers endowed with ordinary sagacity and nerve. At the battles between Romans and Carthaginians, a few fire-balls effectually disposed of the elephants, which constituted the heavy artillery of the latter. In Hindostan they are now mere beasts of burden and of show. They are used by the Commissariat Department for the transport of heavy burdens; but even in this capacity they are inferior to horses, as being more difficult to manage, and more expensive and inconvenient to feed and lodge. The Governor-General of India always travels on an elephant, and the native rajahs on state occasions invariably adopt the same conveyance. In the neighboring countries, Siam, Cochin-China, etc., the elephant is the usual state carriage. But when war comes, and artillery is likely to be brought into play, elephants are kept not only out of reach, but out of sound of the balls. They draw cannon to the fight, but when the artillery is planted in the field batteries the animals are speedily hurried to a safe distance in the rear.

The fight before the residence of the Rajah of Allahabad was similar to all the fights which have taken place in India since the mutiny broke out. The Sepoys fired on their officers, and the latter, with troops on which they could rely, attacked them, put them to flight, and butchered them to their hearts' content.

There was at this place a poor fellow, by name M'Donald, who was, or had been till lately, in the civil service. By some mismanagement at the outbreak of the affair, he had been separated from his companions, and found himself at nightfall, with his wife and sister-in-law, in a small hut near the outskirts of the place. M'Donald's hope was to regain the fort, under cover of the night, if the garrison maintained itself. To walk the streets, during the conflict, with two young women, was, of course, impossible. But just as night fell, some of the Sepoys who had suffered during the fight hastened to the hut, bearing a wounded man. M'Donald had just time to escape by the back way with the ladies. His first thought was to make for the fort; but in his ignorance of the state of affairs there, he preferred for the present to hasten to the river. Happily, an empty boat lay within reach; he placed the women in it, and sculled out to mid-stream. There, he thought, he was safe till morning.

But a band of Sepoys had watched his escape. Infuriated by the result of the day's fighting, they



THE RAJAH'S ELEPHANT.

took boats and gave chase. Of course the result of such a chase could not be doubtful. M'Donald took but a few moments to consider; then seizing his wife, he kissed her tenderly, and threw her overboard; threw her sister after her; and, last of all, leaped in himself. In five minutes the wave rolled over all three.

Such incidents have been so plentiful in the Indian news that they have not always attracted attention.

POOR TOM.—A CITY WEED.

WHEN I first became acquainted with poor Tom—Craddock was his surname—he was about twenty-five years of age. His appearance never altered. He must have been the same at fifteen as he was at forty. Imagine a short, shambling figure, with large hands and feet, a huge water-on-the-brain looking head, surmounted by rough, stubbly, red hair; eyes that no mortal ever saw; for, suffering from a painful ophthalmic disease, they were always encased, not so much in spectacles as in a perfect bandage of green glass; dress which, though ill-made and of necessity threadbare, was always clean and respectable. Imagine these things, and you have all that I care to dwell upon of the physical characteristics of poor Tom. He was earning a very scanty pittance as an usher, or rather common drudge, at a classical and commercial academy, where I was sent as a youth to learn the science of book-keeping by single and double entry, and to post up and arrange numerous imaginary transactions of great intricacy and enormous magnitude in sugar, hides, and tallow. Tom's intellectual acquirements were on a par with his physical advantages. Being sent out by his parents into the world to shift for himself, as his father had done before him, he had shifted himself into a very ill-paid and monotonous occupation.

Tom's parents were, no doubt, very good people, as the world goes. The father was a quiet, plodding man, with no ideas beyond the routine of his office. He had been put into an ordinary situation in his early youth, and had trudged backward and forward on the same old road for eight-and-fifty years. The mother was a hard, dry Calvinist, crammed to the throat with doctrine, but with neither head nor heart. Her children—and she had eight—were all the same to her; the girls went out and kept schools, and the boys went into the world to sink or swim, as their father had done before them. They had all been decently clothed and fed up to a certain age—they had all had the same meaningless education—they had all sat under the same minister, and had served as teachers in the same Sunday-school. They were all—with the exception of Tom—cold, hard, selfish, and calculating; there was nothing like love among them; its place was supplied by a propriety of regard that was regulated by the principle of duty.

Though poor Tom, with his half-blind eyes, and general physical disadvantages, merited a treatment a little removed from the rigid equality which governed his parents in their family organization, he never met with it; he was one of the eight, and he had his eighth of attention—neither more nor less. His mental training was even below the level of his brothers and sisters, because the medical attendance, consequent upon his diseased eyes, took from the fund that was methodically set aside for his education. If, as was the case in the year when he underwent an operation, the surgical expenses swallowed up the educational fund, and something more, his clothes fund was debited with the difference, and he suffered for his bodily failings in a short supply of boots and hats. The father kept a book in which he had opened debtor and creditor accounts with all his children, as if they had been so many mercantile vessels. When Tom arrived at the same age as his brothers had arrived at when they went out before him, he received the same hint that it was time that he sought for a means of obtaining a livelihood; and, feeling his own shortcomings and want of energy, he quietly sank into the position at the school in which I found him.

Poor Tom's personal appearance gave rise to all kinds of heartless jokes, such as only self-willed, thoughtless school-boys make. His eye-glasses were always a fruitful source of amusement. Many a lad, in all the full glow of health, has tried to break those green coverings, to see what kind of eyes were concealed behind them. Tom bore all with wonderful patience and amiability of temper. He had small authority over the boys, for want of force of character, but his uniform kindness did a great deal, and many a little tormentor has shed bitter tears of remorse, when he found the way in which his annoyance was returned. Tom's income was exceedingly small, far under the average of usher's stipends, but he was very careful and independent with it. Once away from home, he sought for no assistance there; and by great economy and self-denial he was always able to indulge in the luxury of buying little presents for his favorites in the school. One day, shortly after the mid-summer holidays, Tom appeared in what looked like a new coat, but which he told me privately was a very good second-hand one, that he had been some time raising the purchase-money for. It was the day for cleaning and replenishing all the inkstands and lamps in the school, and this was a duty that Tom had to perform. While occupied in his task, his coat was carefully hung up behind a door, though not so carefully but what it caught the eye of a mischievous lad whose name I forget now, and who, knowing that it was a new garment belonging to Tom, thought it would be capital fun to fill the pockets with oil. When Tom found out the cruel trick that had been played upon him, I observed tears oozing from under his green spectacles, and, for the first time since he had been at the school, he made a complaint to the master. The master, a stout, pompous man, replied in these words: "Mr. Craddock, Sir, if you had preserved a proper authority over my boys, this event would not have happened. I shall chastise the offender, to preserve the discipline of my school; but, at the same time, I do not consider you free from blame."

The chastisement, to do the master justice, was severe enough, and poor Tom, seeing this, blamed himself very much for having made the complaint, and could not persuade himself that he had not been actuated by a hasty and unchristian spirit of revenge.

Tom repaired the damage done to his garment as well as he could with my aid, and would have walked about in it contented enough; but he had been induced to buy the coat sooner than he would otherwise have done because the master had told him that "he wished him to appear a little more gentlemanly for the credit of the school," and Tom now feared that he should be ordered to purchase another. A favorite relaxation of the tedium of study used to be an excursion of the whole school into the country. An excursion of this kind took place about a week after the above occurrence, and Tom was put quite at his ease when we started without any remark being made upon his greasy costume. It was the last excursion that we had, for at the close of the day a boy got away from the ranks—the boy who had poured the oil over Tom's coat—and was found drowned in the river. Of course, the master—who had done nothing but eat and lounge the whole day—threw all the blame upon Tom, who, poor fellow! was nearly worn to death with his day's work; for, in a conscientious spirit, that no one might suffer from his bodily defects, he always devoted a double amount of labor to any task that he undertook. He passed a wretched night, grieving for the lost boy, grieving that he had caused him any pain by the punishment that he had procured him a week before, and racking himself with doubts as to whether he might not have prevented the accident by greater care, activity, and thoughtfulness, although I knew that he had borne nearly the whole fatigue of the excursion. As I expected, the master discharged him the next morning, with an impressive censure upon his carelessness, and some cruel remarks upon defects which poor Tom was only too painfully conscious of.

It was some ten years after this that I got poor Tom a situation as junior clerk, under me, in the counting-house of Biddles and Co.—old Biddles—in the China trade. Tom's father had died shortly after he left the school, and Tom had come into one of a number of small legacies, which his father had left in equal proportions to all his children. Tom received the amount from his eldest brother, the executor, after a deduction of about one-third for loans and interest, medical attendance, etc., as per account rendered, from the family ledger before alluded to. Small as the sum was, to a person of Tom's humble ideas and inexpensive tastes, it was a mine of wealth. By great good management he contrived to live upon it for nearly ten years, and it was almost drawing to an end when I seized the opportunity that offered of placing him in our counting-house. Tom had not been idle during these ten years. He had inserted advertisements in the papers, he had canvassed friends, he had walked many times wearily and diffidently into offices and warehouses, he had begged to be employed; but his conscientious fidelity, his industrious zeal, his noble and valuable qualities, were sent away as if they had been the veriest drug in the market, because he could not carry his heart upon his sleeve. And yet no sooner had he left the door, than those who spurned him were loudly asking for that which had just been offered to them in vain. It is useless to preach about not judging by appearances; to say that merit will make itself discovered under the most ungainly exterior; to say that if the kernel be good it matters little what the shell may be; I know better; we all know better. Qualities of the heart far more valuable than any intellectual gifts, or force of will, embodied in weak and unsightly frames, may hover near us like unseen angels, and be unheeded, trifled with, doubted, and despised. The brazen face and the strong lungs are the practical rulers of the world. During Tom's endeavors to get employment, he had lost one hundred dollars of his little store by leaving it as a "cash deposit," or "guarantee of fidelity," with a "general merchant," who left him in charge of a very dull, quiet, ill-furnished office, for about ten days, at the end of which time even Tom became aware that he had been swindled out of his money.

I got poor Tom into old Biddles' office in this way. Old B. liked to buy his labor, like every thing else, in the cheapest market, and when a new junior clerk was proposed, I introduced Tom to do a man's work at a boy's price, and that way of putting it so excited the cupidity of the old fellow, that I had the satisfaction of carrying my point at once. Small as the salary was, Tom was grateful, and never did servant serve a master with more honesty and scrupulous fidelity than Tom did old Biddles. Punctual to a second in arriving at his desk, steady and industrious in his application to work, religiously exact in his economy of time (which being paid for employing he did not consider his own), considerate and correct in all matters of office expenditure, treating other people's property as tenderly as if it had been his own—a man with few desires, no debts, and with always a little set aside out of his small store for purposes of charity. What did he gain by all these virtues? Was Tom looked up to with more respect by his fellow-clerks? I am afraid not. Was he advanced to any position of trust by his employer? I am sure not. He was treated with even more than the general suspicion that characterized old Biddles' dealings with every one in business—friend or foe, clerk or client. Tom did not command admiration by any showy abilities, and his solid virtues were left to rot in neglect.

Thus poor Tom did his duty nobly, from year to year, without any encouragement, though he needed none; a poor simple-hearted, honest fellow, he had no idea that he was acting differently from other people. "You know, Robert," he used to say to me, "we are not all gifted with talent; I know I am neither active nor clever, but I do my best, and I hope Mr. Biddles is satisfied, though I sometimes fear that he is not." This remark was generally made after one of those miserable wet, busy, muddy November days, when Tom was kept running about from nine to six, under a short faded Macintosh cape, and when old Biddles was more than usually surly.

We passed in this way something like five years together, until I had a serious attack of illness that kept me away from my office many weeks. Tom, after the labor of the day, seldom missed calling to inquire about me, long as the distance was, and very often brought me little delicacies suited for an invalid. I could not prevent his bringing them, although I felt that their purchase must have pinched him in various ways. The nature of my complaint made it necessary for me to take a holiday of a couple of months; and so great was poor Tom's fear that such a long absence would lead to my dismissal by old Biddles—although even in this anxiety there was not a particle of selfishness—that I was compelled to tell him that my engagement was such that it could not be broken.

When I returned reinvigorated to my duties, I found, to my surprise, a marked change in Tom. His manner was evidently embarrassed, and in his appearance there was a feeble and clumsy attempt to be buckish. When a man returns to an office after an absence of some months every thing seems to him cold and strange; he does not fit into his accustomed corners, his papers look spectral, he hardly knows where to put his coat, and his hat tumbles down from its peg. If the place has been repainted and furnished (as mine had been), this makes matters worse. I did not question Tom the first or second day, as I thought much of his altered appearance might have been a partial delusion of my disordered imagination. On the third day I fancied from his nervous behavior that he was about to make some explanatory disclosure, and I was not disappointed. After much hesitation and preamble, which he, poor fellow! was little adept in, it came out at last; Tom was in love—deeply, earnestly in love. When he had secured me as his confidant a load seemed to have departed from his mind, and he was happier and gayer than I had ever known him before. As to myself, I was lost in various reflections. I laughed the first and last unkind laugh at Tom's expense, when I thought of him ogling his chosen one through those eternal green glasses. I wondered if the strong olive tint which her face of necessity bore, stood to Tom as the rose upon the damask cheek of beauty seen through the naked eye. Did he kiss those taper-fingers which must have appeared to him as if they were fresh from the dye-tub, or the task of walnut-picking? Did nature, which had appeared to his faint vision, for so many years, a gloomy picture clad in one solemn tint, brighten up with a more cheerful glow, now that this new light had fallen on his heart? Poor Tom, when I looked at him sitting there before me, his awkward shape and disfigured countenance, I dreaded lest his choice should have fallen upon some thoughtless, selfish girl, and felt a foreboding that his passion would only end in misery and bitter disappointment.

Tom was too happy to notice my abstraction, and his only desire was to consult me about the capabilities of his scanty income to support a wife. Here, with hard figures to deal with, I was obliged to reason severely, but every objection that I started was overruled by Tom's explanation of the personal privations he could undergo for the attainment of domestic happiness. It was needless for him to enter into details with me, who knew his qualities so well, to prove what a considerate, devoted husband he would be. I knew that his income was inadequate, and the tone of my advice was to dissuade him from nourishing an affection that, I felt assured, must be hopeless.

The next morning, poor Tom appeared with a long list of figures, with which he had been working out a problem over night, and had arrived at the conclusion, that if he could obtain another hundred dollars a year from old Biddles, he might attempt the step he was anxious to take, with perfect propriety. When he consulted me as to whether I thought he would get the advance, I felt that his mind was made up, and knowing that his long and faithful services merited even a greater reward, I told him to go boldly to old Biddles and ask at once. It was Saturday morning; old Biddles was late, and when he came, he was very busy; he went out several times, a very unusual thing with him, and when he returned, many people were waiting to see him. All this threw poor Tom into a fever of excitement; he kept running in and out of Biddles' private room in such an unceremonious manner, and upon such frivolous pretexts, that at last the old fellow asked him if he was ill? This brought Tom to a stand, and he timidly made his proposal. Old Biddles took time to consider. Tom augured favorably from this, and the next day, Sunday, he prevailed upon me to join him in a visit to the family of his intended wife.

She was much younger than Tom, stout, florid, and rather vulgar-looking. I watched her closely, and her treatment of him, though at times flighty and inconsiderate, did not appear unkind. Tom was so absorbed in the contemplation of his happiness, that I was left pretty much to my own resources, and conversation with a sister. When the visit closed, although I had my doubts, I was unable to form a conclusion whether the affection on the part of the girl was real or simulated. Monday passed over in silence; on Tuesday the blow fell. About ten o'clock a letter was delivered to Tom, which told him that she for whom he was ready to give up all the comforts he so much needed, for whom he was even then planning out some little, thoughtful present, and to whom he had given all the great affection of his kind and noble heart, had encouraged his passion like a cruel, wayward girl, and now threw it aside without pity or remorse.

Close upon this shock followed a formal discharge from old Biddles. He had weighed Tom's proposal. Virtue and fidelity which were endurable at four hundred and fifty dollars a year, were not to be tolerated at five hundred and fifty. The supply was greater than the demand. Biddles was a practical, business man.

Some few years afterward, when poor Tom's shattered frame and broken heart were lying peaceably in the grave, and his clerkly successor at four hundred dollars a year had embezzled money to a considerable extent, old Biddles felt that for once he had made a mistake, and thought of an awkward, green-spectacled clerk who used to sit in his office, and who, if not brilliant, was trustworthy.

"Do you know Craddock's address?" he asked, one morning, as I entered his room. (Though I know his address—somewhere in Heaven, poor dear Tom!—I didn't say so.)

"He has been dead some time," I replied.

"Hum! Put an advertisement in the *Times* for somebody like him."

We did put an advertisement in the *Times* for somebody like him; but old Biddles found he could not get another Tom Craddock merely by drawing a check for him.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in the London *Times*: "If any young ladies who were at a school close to Leamington in 1836, kept by an unmarried lady (since dead), can recollect the fact of having lost some small sums of money—supposed to have been lost, but which were really stolen from them by the advertiser, she will feel obliged if they would write a few lines, to say whether the amount may be returned or given in charity, and address M. R., Nil desperandum, General Post-office, London, to be kept till called for."

The other night a man, who is in the habit of occasionally carrying small parcels between Airdrie and Coatbridge, dreamed that he had got a "roll of tobacco" to deliver, but had forgot to do so. He rose in great haste, went to the place where he thought he had left it, but, behold, it was not there. Afraid to look his employer in the face, the bellman was engaged to proclaim the loss, and offer a reward to the fortunate finder, but without success; when, on going to his supposed employer to own his fault, he was told that he had got no parcel, and he seems only then to have fully awoke, and found that it was only a dream.

EPIGRAM.

IN RETURN FOR A LADY'S SKETCH OF THE APOLLO.

If fair Apollo drew his bow
  As well as you have drawn it here,
No wonder that he carries woe
  To many a maiden far and near.

One difference, though, I understand,
  Between this picture and the giver:
Apollo keeps his bow in hand—
  You keep your beaux upon the quiver.

The conversation turned, one night, upon the last war with England, and the invasion of Canada by the American troops, when a loyal subject of Her Majesty, a native of the province mentioned, stated that the Yankees "took good care not to meet the Canadian militia." "Well," said George, an inveterate joker, "that is not at all strange: in order to meet a man, he *must be coming toward you!*"

"Ah," exclaimed one of John's admiring friends,
"He's got the law right at his fingers' ends."
"Yes; and he needs it there," responded Ned,
"He's got but little of it in his head!"

GENT (*pompously*). "I say, my friend, are you sufficiently acquainted with the topography of this neighborhood to direct me to the residence of the nearest disciple of Æsculapius?"

MYSTIFIED NATIVE. "Which?"

GENT. "Could you direct me to the nearest physician?"

NATIVE (*more perplexed than ever*). "Hey?"

GENT (*getting wrathy*). "Can't you tell a man the way to the doctor's?"

NATIVE (*relieved*). "Oh, want to find the doctor, do ye? Why didn't you say so? My brother over in that shanty yonder is a doctor."

The Oswego *Palladium* contains a notice, written by a correspondent, of a lecture lately delivered in that city by a lady medium. He says it was "composed of every possible combination of unmeaning and high-sounding polysyllables, interspersed with circular gestures, and garnished with pulsations, and acmes, and elements, and throbbings, and essences, and outgrowing, and elimination, and argute spiritualistic cognoscences. It was, if we catch the rat, attenuated concatenation of mellifluous syllable accentuation, projected tangentially from chaotic nonentity, and pulsating in a harmonious incumbendibus. It was, in plain English, nonsense."

EPIGRAM.

Maria's like a clock, they say,
  Unconscious of her beauty;
She regulates the livelong day,
  Exact in every duty.

If this be true, such self-command,
  Such well-directed powers,
Oh, may her little *minute* hand
  Become a hand of *hours!*

Bishop Watson compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the vast animal from the phenomena of the hide.

Why is a rum-seller like a butcher? Do you give it up?

Because the *better* his business is the more he *kills*.

Ten cents recovered! Ten dollars spent in cost!
You say I've gained my suit—I say I've lost.

The following anecdote of the celebrated Robert Hall will strikingly illustrate several eminent personages in the political world. A gentleman having expressed his surprise that a celebrated political character, who had avowed frequent changes of sentiment, should be so much admired, as he had no principle, Mr. Hall replied,

"Why, Sir, probably that is the very reason he is so much admired. He is a conscientious rogue; that is, he makes a conscience of being a rogue. He is a rogue upon principle; for he makes it *a principle* to have *no principle.*"

They tell a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said,

"I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that I can't pay it."

"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry; but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll quit."

"What do you mean by an 'up train?'"

"A train whose engine explodes."

"What do you mean by a 'down train?'"

"A train whose engine gets off the track, and throws the cars over."

An instance of absence of mind occurred a day or two since, where an explorer into the mysteries of chemical science burned his nose by a fluid lamp with which he came in contact. We met him a day or two afterward, with a large plaster on his nose, and asked him about his hurt. "It looks bad, don't it?" said he. We assured him it didn't look any thing else, and asked him if it hurt him much when it was roasting. "Ne'er a bit," replied he, "in fact, I didn't feel it at all, I was so absorbed in my experiments; and, though I kept smelling something like burned meat, I imagined it was a dinner cooking somewhere, and kept right on till my student told me my nose was on fire, and putting my hand upon it, I found that it was even so. I thrust it into a bucket of water and extinguished it; but it has left the mark you see."

A young lady, fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a single season about four hundred miles. Yet no lady would think of walking that distance in six months.

The great Dr. Jennings, of London, sent the following lines, with a couple of ducks, to a patient:

Dear madam, I send you this scrap of a letter,
To tell you Miss Mary is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
Therefore I send her a couple of quacks.

"We have a span of horses," said the economic the other day, "on our farm, that support themselves without any cost." "Why, how is that?" exclaimed a listener. "Why, you see," remarked the questioned, "one is a saw horse, the other a clothes horse."

A certain cockney bluebeard, overcome by his sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What can we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish by-stander, "he'll soon re-wive."

Reader, did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? You didn't! then you had better get a little Gal-an-try.

Three or four times a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the reverend gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear on the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl broke into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why, pray?" "Because, Sir, he won't come when he is sober!"

There is a high old deacon up at Waukegan, who stands six feet six inches in his stockings, extremely pious, methodical, not overbenevolent, a man of few words, and a very hard cheek, and although rigid in enforcing family prayers was never known to say grace at any meal in his life. His pastor, rather an odd stick himself, was one day questioned: "Why Deacon Q. never asked a blessing?" "Don't really know," was the reply; "but you know he isn't much given to asking for any thing, and it's just like him to reach up and take it!"

A traveler was recounting with an air of truth several incredible things, when a cute Vermonter present exclaimed: "Dew tell! But 'taint much after all. Why, a sarkemstance happened up there in our villiage, that takes me down all holler." "What was it, Seth?" asked one of the company. "Our organ," replied Seth, with a face so sober that every one knew something rich was coming; "our organ, the organ of our meetin'-house, it imitated thunder so natural on Sunday, that it curdled all the milk for five miles."

Speaking of Captain Berry reminds me of a letter he read to me yesterday, and which he received from the lamented statesman of Marshfield. It is too good to be buried up among the Captain's musty papers, and I therefore annex it:

"SAVANNAH, —

"DEAR CAPTAIN,—I am used up here with Mrs. Webster and Miss Seaton; be kind enough to retain a stateroom for the ladies, and put me on the boilers, or in the forecastle with the sailors.

"Yours truly,
"D. WEBSTER."

It is needless to say that the Defender and his ladies had the best accommodations on board, and right pleasant company they were.

"Billy, how did you lose your finger?"

"Easily enough," said Billy.

"I suppose you did, but how?"

"I guess you'd a lost your'n, if it had been where mine was."

"That don't answer my question!"

"Well, if you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

TO THE SUSPENSHIN BRIDGE, NIAGARY.

BY THE "DISBANDED VOLUNTEER."

Anormous structur! Whar, Ide like to know,
Did the construckturs stand as bilt this rode?
Rite throo the air? Say, gentle mews,
Wot hed they to hold on to? But, alass!
The mews ses nuthin. O! Jerusalem,
Wot boyed em up? Imadjinashin, flored,
Kant get the hang of it!
                I hev it now!
They did it in balloons!!

SCENE AT A NEW YORK HOTEL.

Loquacious Waiter to a Verdant Kentuckian. "Roast beef, roast mutton, roast turkey, boiled mutton, boiled codfish (pauses for breath)."

Verdant Kentuckian. "Yes, I'll take them."

Rowland Hill said, "I would give nothing for the Christianity of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion."

"Trust the first thought of a woman, not the second," is an old proverb; and Montaigne says that "any truth which may be attained at one bound woman will reach; but that which needs patient climbing is the prize of man."

A dandy is a chap that would be a lady if he could; but, as he can't, does all he can to show all the world that he is not a man.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 2, 1857.

THE trade of the port during the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 31, 1857	$2,336,347....	$1,8[illegible]4,553
Corresponding week, 1856	2,657,213....	1,253,184

Bullion is rapidly accumulating in the banks, no less than $1,916,000 having been received from various foreign sources during the week, against an export of $116,000. Hence, toward the close of the week, a better feeling prevailed among the banks, and good paper was in demand in the street at 2 per cent. a month. No new mercantile disasters are reported, and several houses which suspended have resumed. The sky looks brighter.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, November* 2, 1857.

THE leading feature of the Wholesale Produce Markets during the week has been the increased activity in Breadstuffs. The available supply having been much reduced, buyers evinced considerable eagerness to secure desirable lots both for home use and for export. The effect on prices has been decidedly favorable to sellers, who display increasing confidence, with but little disposition to part with their stocks, unless at the improved rates current toward the close. The receipts are fair; yet, as inland navigation will soon be suspended for the season, and as the prospects of an ample winter stock are not very encouraging, receivers do not seem anxious to realize....The Provision trade had been quite depressed up to Saturday, when a slight reaction occurred, and the market closed pretty buoyantly for the leading articles, of which the supplies are very moderate....No remarkable change can be noticed in Groceries....Hay was in fair demand at uniform prices....Hemp ruled dull and nominal....A limited inquiry prevailed for Hops, Grass Seeds, and Tobacco at our quotations....Wool was inactive and of uncertain value....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 85	@	$5 30
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	$4 85	@	$5 35
Extra Western Flour, per barrel....	$5 10	@	$5 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel.	$5 25	@	$7 75
Superfine to extra Canadian, per bbl.	$5 00	@	$6 75
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.	$5 25	@	$7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	$3 25	@	$4 60
Buckwheat Flour, per barrel........	$5 50	@	—
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	$3 25	@	$3 75
White Wheat, per bushel..........	$1 20	@	$1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel............	$1 01	@	$1 25
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel....	73	@	75
Rye, per bushel..................	75	@	80
Barley, per bushel...............	70	@	85
Western Oats, per bushel.........	43	@	45
State Oats, per bushel...........	40	@	43
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel..	35	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel........	30	@	36
White Beans, per bushel..........	$1 60	@	$1 70
Cotton, middlings, per pound.......	12½	@	13
Mess Pork, per barrel.............	$20 25	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel............	$16 00	@	$16 25
Repacked Mess Beef, per barrel.....	$10 50	@	$12 00
Beef Hams, per barrel.............	$14 00	@	$16 00
Lard, per pound..................	10	@	13
State Butter, per pound...........	17	@	26
Western Butter, per pound.........	13	@	18
Cheese, per pound................	6	@	9
Undressed American Hemp, per ton.	$140 00	@	$150 00
Dressed American Hemp, per ton...	$175 00	@	$200 00
North River Hay, bales, per 100 lbs	50	@	70
New Hops, per pound..............	5	@	8
Clover Seed, per pound............	10	@	—
Am. Rough Flaxseed, per bushel...	$1 25	@	$1 37½
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	$3 00	@	$4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound.............	10	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound............	6	@	8½
Cuba Muscovado Molasses, per gallon	22½	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound............	38	@	70
Oolong Teas, per pound...........	38	@	70
Domestic Whisky, per gallon.......	21	@	21½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound......	8	@	17½
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound......	13	@	35
Tallow, per pound................	9½	@	—

Freights were brisker and firmer. For Liverpool—Cotton, ⅛ @ 3-16d. per pound, Flour, 2s. 6d. @ 2s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 7½d. @ 8½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 712.

The Live Stock Markets were less extensively supplied last Wednesday. The demand, however, was not brisk, and prices exhibited no noticeable improvement. The reported receipts during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Oct. 21.	Week ending Oct. 28.
Beeves....................	3,150	2,981
Milch Cows................	190	184
Veal Calves...............	478	416
Sheep and Lambs...........	11,019	10,645
Swine.....................	3,003	1,7[illegible]5

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York...........	825	Indiana..............	300
Ohio................	421	New Jersey..........	32
Illinois............	350	Connecticut..........	28
Kentucky............	300		

The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 6½ c. for the poorest to 11 c. for first quality, per pound....Milch Cows, usually with their Calves at their sides, continued in slack request, at from $25 00 @ $65 00 for common to extra....Veal Calves appeared in limited supply and demand at 5 @ 8 c. per pound, live weight....Sheep and Lambs were less plenty and more salable, mainly at from $2 00 @ $6 00 per head, though some superior Sheep, from Madison Co., N. Y., brought $10 00, and the choice of the lot as much as $13 00 per head....Swine continued abundant and in moderate request, at 5 @ 6 c. for live, and 6½ @ 8 c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Markets appear about the same. Apples are now plenty, and obtainable at comparatively low rates....Grapes are coming in very freely, and are unusually cheap, consumption being restricted....Pears are in moderate supply and demand....Peaches are disappearing....Potatoes are arriving, and selling more extensively at our quotations....The stocks of other varieties of vegetables are fair, while the inquiry for them lacks animation. Prices favor buyers....A scarcity of Chickens limits the sales of these....The Meat Markets are moderately and cheaply supplied, yet consumers are purchasing with remarkable reserve.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel................	$1 50	@	$3 50
Grapes, per pound................	4	@	9
Pears, common to extra, per barrel..	$1 50	@	$12 00
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel	$1 50	@	$6 00
Chestnuts, per bushel............	$4 00	@	—
Peanuts, per bushel..............	80	@	$1 12
Barberries, per barrel............	$3 00	@	—
Potatoes, per barrel..............	$1 50	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel..............	$2 00	@	$3 00
Onions, per barrel...............	$1 25	@	$2 00
Turnips, per barrel...............	50	@	90
Tomatoes, per basket.............	62	@	87
Squashes, per barrel..............	$1 25	@	$1 50
Pumpkins, per 100................	$4 00	@	$10 00
Beets, per barrel.................	$1 25	@	$2 00
Cabbages, per 100................	$2 00	@	$4 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen...........	50	@	$2 00
Chicory, per 100..................	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches........	25	@	31
Carrots, per dozen................	25	@	31
Melons, per barrel................	75	@	$1 00
Beans, per basket.................	62	@	75
" per bushel....................	62	@	75
Corn, Sweet, per 100 ears..........	$1 25	@	$1 50
Leeks, per 100....................	$3 00	@	$4 00
Celery, per dozen.................	75	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100...................	$6 00	@	$6 50
Peppers, per 100..................	37	@	50
Cranberries, per barrel............	$6 00	@	$9 00
Eggs, Western, per dozen...........	9	@	12
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen.............	16	@	16½
Chickens, per pair................	50	@	$1 25
Fowls, per pair...................	88	@	$1 00
Fowls, per pound..................	12	@	18
Ducks, per pair...................	75	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound................	12	@	16
Turkeys, each.....................	88	@	$1 25
Geese, each.......................	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, per dozen................	$1 25	@	$1 65
" wild, per dozen...............	75	@	88
Woodcock, per dozen..............	$3 00	@	$3 50
Partridge, per pair...............	75	@	88
Roasting Pigs.....................	$1 25	@	$2 00
Rabbits, each.....................	10	@	15
Hares, each.......................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each...................	9	@	10
Beef, per pound...................	6½	@	9
Mutton, per pound.................	6	@	9
Lamb, per pound...................	8	@	11
Veal, per pound...................	7½	@	10½
Pork, per pound...................	6½	@	8½

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